THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

The bright spring days now reappear,
For thou, sweet month of smiles, art here.
Touched by thy potent, mystic wand,
The lilac's velvet buds expand,
And great round drops of plashing rain
Beat loudly on my window-pane.

What dreamy visions 'round us steal,
When thy soft, cooling touch we feel,
As, wand'ring 'neath the blue expanse,
We catch the magic of thy glance,
And wonder why thou lovest so
The noisy, toiling world below.

Thy frowns and smiles so arch and sweet—
Ah! mortals worship at thy feet—
Unmeet for all that greets thee here,
Thy home should be the starry sphere,
With rainbow crowns upon thy brow,
A peerless queen of beauty thou.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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At the first alarm the pursued had turned a little aside towards a thicket, close to the edge of which lay a large tree; behind this they lay down, sheltered in front by the trunk, and completely shaded by the bushes in their rear, which were so close as to partially overhang it.

They lay here for some minutes, Diahausa, whose eyes had been best trained to seeing in the dark, peering watchfully over the trunk through the crotch of a limb which partially concealed his head. As yet, though they could hear the pursuers all around them, and Diahausa had seen three or four of them pass within a short distance, no one had actually approached their hiding place.

He was beginning to hope that it would escape observation entirely, and had formed no very elevated opinion of the sagacity of warriors who would leave such a likely place of concealment without a search, when he saw a single Indian, who was passing near, stop and look towards it. After inspecting it for a moment, he moved a step or two forward, and then halted, as if debating whether it was worth while to proceed, moved forward again, again halted, and finally, appearing to have made up his mind, came directly towards that part of the tree behind which Diahausa was concealed.

The latter silently withdrew his head and lay at full length, edging himself as far under the trunk as possible, with his long knife ready in his hand,' his companions also lying close, Eli with his cocked rifle in a position for prompt use.

All the other pursuers were at some distance, scattered through the woods, and the solitary Indian advanced slowly towards the tree, while those behind it lay holding their breath and listening, though no one but Diahausa knew for what.

Presently they heard the low grating caused by the Chippawa's hand, and then his knee rubbing against the bark, as he craned over to look behind the trunk; finding that the overhanging bushes intercepted his view, he stooped lower, passing his head under the limb behind which Diahausa had been watching him, so as to range his eye along the ground beneath the bushes.

Another instant would have betrayed the fugitives; but before that instant had passed, quick as lightning, the knife of Diahausa flashed up from the gloom across the stretched throat, and the luckless Chippawa fell forward across the tree, his head nearly severed from the body. To drag him over out of sight was the work of a moment, and then the fugitives lay still again, not knowing at what moment another of their sharp-sighted enemies might take a fancy to examine the place, in which case, discovery would be almost inevitable.

They heard the voices of their hunters from different points, now approaching, now receding, but still gradually growing fainter and more distant as they widened their circle, thus covering a greater extent of ground, but at the same time leaving wider spaces for the pursued to pass through.

This was so far well, as it increased their chances of passing unobserved in the darkness, but some of their pursuers were evidently between them and the river, and two or three were, apparently, not very far apart and almost exactly in the route to the canoe, which they were very anxious to reach, as the night was wearing away, and to have daylight catch them on the land, with wily enemies all around them, would be certain destruction.

After reconnoitreing as carefully as possible, and perceiving no sign of any one near them, Diahadas touched his companions, who arose cautiously and emerged from their place of concealment. The rescued hunter, whose name was Adam Gordon, as soon as he was on his feet, first stretched himself fearfully, and made a series of uncouth doublings and plungings with arms and legs to work the stiffness out of the joints, a relief he had been longing for from the start, but which he had not before had time to enjoy; he then took possession of the rifle and ammunition of the slain Chippawa, together with his knife and tomahawk, and they started for the river, separating in order to avoid attracting attention from any who might still be near, and dodging from tree to tree, trusting, if seen in the darkness by their pursuers, to being mistaken by them for some of their own party.

They pushed on in this way as rapidly as possible, never losing sight of each other, but never coming together, until they had reached the bank of the river at the rock where Diahausa and Eli had landed before.

The latter had lifted his foot to step out upon the rock from the cover of the bushes to unmoor the canoe, when he was startled by a sudden exclamation, coming from the spot where it lay concealed. He paused, and the next moment the form of an Indian emerged from the bushes on the lower side, and stepped from the water upon the rock, towing the canoe after him.

Stooping for a moment to examine it, he straightened himself up again, and putting his hand beside his mouth, uttered a long ringing whoop, which was instantly answered by a dozen voices above and below along the bank, followed by the rustling of bushes, as the hunters plunged through them towards the spot.

There was no time to be lost. By a simultaneous impulse the three men broke from their cover, and rushed in a body upon the solitary savage before he had time to suspect that any one was near him, using no weapons, but oversetting him and sending him reeling into the water by the mere force of the shock.

The thong by which he held the canoe had been jerked out of his hand, and before he could recover himself or feel certain what it was that had overthrown him so unceremoniously, his assailants had sprung lightly into the ticklish craft, and a powerful shove against the rock from Eli's long rifle had sent it dancing thirty feet off into the stream.

As the canoe was shooting out, Diahausa, had gathered up the paddles, which, fortunately, its finder had not had time to remove, placed one in the hands of each of his companions, and before it had lost the way given by the first impulse, a few rapid, powerful sweeps had sent it some fifty or sixty feet farther out.

They were not an instant too soon; for by this time the rock they had just left was covered with their pursuers, who, though unable to distinguish the canoe with certainty on the dark water, fired a volley in the direction in which they could hear the splashing of the paddles, which the fugitives took no pains to muffle.

Hurried as the fire was, it was too well aimed for comfort; for two or three bullets glanced along the water close to the sides of the canoe, while Gordon, feeling a sharp twitch of the hair, and involuntarily raising his hand to rub the spot, found that another had cut off a lock just above his right ear.

"Pretty good, that, for a random shot," he muttered; "keep her steady, Eli, 'till I see if I can't make a better one;" and laying down his paddle, he raised his rifle and fired in the direction of the rock; the sudden storm of yells which arose showed that the shot had taken effect, but the rifles there being empty, it was not returned, and Gordon resumed his paddle.

They held on a direct course until about the middle of the river, and then turning the head of the canoe down the stream, urged it with all speed towards the block-house.

In the meantime one signal yell after another, rang through the air, answering each other from point to point in the direction they were pursuing, leaving no doubt that the forest was alive with hostile savages, and that the block-house was completely beleaguered.

It was all important that our party should reach the passage leading from the river to the building before dawn, as any attempt to enter it when they could be seen from the shore, would of course betray its existence to the enemy, and thus cut off the grand avenue of escape, reserved to be used only as a forlorn hope, when all other means of escape or defence should fail.

They had traversed perhaps half the distance, when a long mournful howl floated up from the forest and over the water, totally different in character from the fierce yells that had before been splitting the night air.

"They've found the varmint you slit the throat of up yonder, chief," said Gordon.

"Mgh!" said Diahausa, with a contemptuous grunt, "let 'um; no find his scalp, anyhow; dat safe at Diahausa's girdle."

"By thunder! so it is," exclaimed Gordon, as his companion drew the bloody trophy from the girdle and held it up before him; "I'd never ha' thunk of anybody's skelp but my own then, if I'd killed forty Injins. If it hadn't been for your knife, I reckon it 'ud ha' been swingin' at the belt o' one them smouchy rampagin' devils by this time, an' me past thinking' or keerin' anything about it."

A light, warning tap from Eli's paddle upon the side of the canoe stopped the conversation, and in a short time they had reached the mouth of the passage and entered it unperceived. A few minutes more placed them in safety again within the block-house in the presence of the commandant who, with Sexton and Philip, had been anxiously waiting their return.

"But where are Scott and Foster?" said the commandant.

The story was told by Gordon in one word:

"Dead!"

CHAPTER VII.

There was no need to inquire into the cause of their death. It was too evident to the minds of all present to call for any questions concerning it, and there were enough other matters of pressing importance on hand, without wasting time in useless questions.

"How many Indians do you suppose are out?" was the commandant's first inquiry.

"Three or four hundred, I should think," was the answer; "Iroquois, Chippawas, Hurons, all within a mile of the block; I don't see how we got through at all without stumblin' on some of 'em, for the woods is full."

"This is a pleasant prospect for us, gentlemen," said the commandant, turning to Sexton and Philip; "I suppose we may call ourselves near fifty strong, counting the settlers who have come in, and those who accompanied you, sir;" looking at Philip.

"Rather, it was I who accompanied them," said Philip, "assuredly they would never have found their way here, if they had depended upon *me* to guide them."

"Well, with the force we have, we might be able to hold the place till assistance could reach us—if we had any means of sending for it—for we have water in plenty, and provisions enough to last for a week or ten days, but I'm afraid our ammunition won't hold out."

"I reckon we won't hold out very long after it's gone an' the consarned critturs find it out," said Eli; "one thing the rogers must be larnt, (the settlers don't need to larn it,) an' that is not to waste their powder firin' at bushes; tell 'em not to burn a kernel more than they kin help, after we git to work; not to fire a shot 'till they kin see the man they shoot at, an' not then unless they're mighty sure of hittin' him."

"Do you think they will attack us at once?" inquired the commandant.

"Well, no, I reckon not," said Eli; "it's most too nigh daylight, an' they know we're ready for 'em."

"I hardly s'pose they will now, sir," said Gordon, "though I know they meant to."

"How?"

"It was just afore sundown that me an' Scott an' Foster blundered right into a squad of 'em as we were skirtin' along the river bank; I'll own it was careless; but we hadn't seen no sign, and didn't s'pose there was an Injin within twenty mile of us. Scott an' Foster were a little ahead, and before they had time to turn, were both tomahawked; I smashed off the butt of my rifle on the head of the foremost as they come at me, an' then tried to run for it; but I'm too big to be very spry, an' afore I had gone a dozen rod, I had I don't know how many jumpin' on me; I did my best, an' I know I wiped out four or five, but by that time they were pilin' on me like a swarm of bees, an' one rascal twisted himself between my legs and tumbled me over, an' then I was done.

"They tied my hands behind my back then, an' moved off to where Eli and Storm-Cloud found me. I can understand a little of their jabber, though I didn't tell them so, an' I could make out by it as we went along, that their plan was to git the Bald Eagle—that's Eli here—out o' the way first, an' then wait next day for another party they expected, an' this mornin', sometime between midnight an' dawn, to attack the settlement an' the block both at once. We heared the firin' an' yells t'other side o' the river, but didn't know what to make of it all 'till about sun-up, when four o' the Chippawas come in wet an' shiverin', and told how slick they'd been headed off. Jehosaphat, but the others were mad! It was as much as the chief could do to keep 'em from brainin' me. However, it discombobberated their plans, for there was no mistake but word would be brought here as quick as the canoe could bring it. In the course of the day about two hundred more come in, and scattered themselves about in the woods. At night they tied me to the tree, an' you know the rest."

"They can have no hope of surprising us now, of course," said Sexton; "the question is, whether they'll think themselves strong enough to make an open attack."

"I'm not afraid of an attack; that we can easily repel," said the commandant; "it's a siege I'm afraid of, with all these women and children to look after and feed, but more than that, on account of the ammunition. I don't believe there's enough in the block-house to last more than twenty-four hours of brisk fighting. It is possible, however, that they may conclude to hold off and try to starve us out. If they do, I am in hopes we will have time to get assistance from the lower settlements."

"How is that to be done?" inquired Morton.

"Only by some one who will volunteer to take the risk; I'll send no one on such an errand."

"I am ready," said Morton.

"And I," said his friend the doctor.

"I am obliged to you both, gentlemen," said the commandant, "but I am afraid that you, sir," turning to Philip, "are hardly old enough a woodsman to out-manœuvre the cunning wolves you would have to deal with; I mean no offence, but it will be best to run no unnecessary risk of failure. You, doctor, we can't spare at all; for I'm very much mistaken if before night we don't have bullet holes to plug up and cracked bones to set among us."

"I reckon two had better start together," said Adam Gordon, "an' I s'pose me an' Eli knows the country about as well as anybody here. After we got out o' reach of the red wolves, we can soon gather up enough men to balance accounts a little. What say Eli?"

"Of course we'll go," said Eli, "but we must wait 'till night; as soon's it gits dark enough we must take the canoe an' go out the same way we did afore; Storm-Cloud, I reckon you'll go with us an' bring the canoe back, won't you? It 'll be o' no kind o' use to us a'ter daylight, an' may be o' some use here."

"Diahausa will go the journey with Bald-Eagle and the Buffalo;"—as he had already designated Adam the burly—said the chief quietly, in his own language: "He will not stay behind like a muskrat in his hole, while his father goes into danger; he will die under the trees with his father."

Eli looked a little blank at this, but said, in the same tongue:

"Well, chief, we don't mean to die at all, if we can help it; if you go with us, it will only take another fighter from the place where he's wanted, without doing any good, as I kin see." Then unconsciously falling into his own tongue again, he added, in a whisper: "Besides, if you are away, who will watch the dogs outside an' circumvent 'em if they try to git into the block?"

"My braves—"

"They don't understand the tongue of the Sagganah, an' wouldn't obey him if they did, without the chief."

The Indian mused for a moment, and then said,

"The Bald-Eagle is old, and his words are wise. Diahausa has listened to the spirit that speaks in dreams. He will bring back the canoe and wait here for his father."

"That's right, chief," said Eli, "I know'd you'd listen to reason when it was put straight afore you."

"What have you and the Indian been discussing?" said the commandant to Eli.

"Why, he wanted to go with me an' Adam," said Eli; "but I've showed him that he'd be a good deal more use here, and he's goin' to stay; you'd better let him have a good deal o' say in matters, an' attend to what he says, too; 'cause, if there's any circumventin' to be done, he'll be the one to do it."

"He shall be prime minister," said the other, perhaps a little ironically, though hardly conscious of it.

Eli, without noticing the tone, went on:

"He's a-goin out with us to land us below—for we must start by the river—and bring back the canoe so it may be on hand if you should have to leave—"

"Heaven send we don't have to, by water, at least! How, in the Fiend's name, am I to get all these nervous women and squalling children safely across the river in one bark canoe?" interrupted the commandant, who was quite as nervous at having the helpless portion of his garrison thrown upon his old bachelor hands as he charged the women with being.

"Why," said Eli, "there's two more smaller canoes sophisticatiously hid in the bushes jest outside the palisades, an' I reckon Storm-Cloud an' some of his lads kin contrive to bring 'em in. As for the women folks's narves, if they're like most border women, they hain't got none to speak on; an' some of 'em kin handle a rifle most as well as their men."

The sun, by this time, was shining through the trees, though he had not yet got above their tops, and the conversation was interrupted by the call to breakfast.

The meal was concluded, the sentries changed, and Sexton examined into and reported the condition of his two patients; Wild-Cat still very weak from loss of blood, but doing "as well as could be expected," and "Bear-that-hugs," the Delaware whose ear had been cropped, comfortable enough, with that exception, but growling like his namesake with a sore head because Sexton wouldn't let him throw aside the plasters and bandages in which his head was enveloped something like a cocoanut in its husk.

The next thing was to inspect the arms of the few soldiers who formed the garrison of this remote outpost, to see that they were clean and in order for service.

Then beckoning Philip and Sexton to follow him, the commandant led the way to his own apartment, a room somewhat larger than the surgeon's, roughly partitioned off in the opposite corner from that which the latter occupied.

Bolting the door after they had entered, and pointing to a pile of skins and blankets heaped up confusedly in one corner of the apartment, he remarked in a low voice,

"I have one means of defence there, that none but myself and two or three of the men, whom I can trust, know anything about. I have kept it concealed, so far, because I didn't want it known or talked about, until the time should come when I could use it with the most effect."

So saying, he threw aside the coverings, and his companions saw, with surprise, snugly nestling there, a small brass cannon mounted upon a ship-carriage, all ready for service. Beside it stood a strong iron-bound box, which, upon being opened displayed its inside filled to the edge with well packed layers of little flannel bags, which Morton's familiar eye at once recognized as cartridges.

Compactly piled beneath the gun and carriage, wherever space could be found to stow one, were layers of round-shot, with a few bunches of grape-shot scattered among them, and between the carriage and the side of the building, lay a heap of pebbles, such as were found at the river's edge, of various sizes, from that of a walnut down to that of a rifle ball, amounting to perhaps three or four bushels.

"There!" said the commandant, "when it becomes necessary, I'll introduce this gentleman to our friends outside, and see if they like his acquaintance better than that of the small arms. At present, we'll say nothing of his presence."

With these words he replaced the coverings, and they left the apartment, the commandant carefully locking the door after him.

The day passed on without disturbance. The Delawares, assisted by a few of the settlers, had found and brought in the canoes unmolested; the tired children, who had been playing all day within the enclosure in happy forgetfulness of danger, had been put to sleep, at least the younger portion of them.

It was now entirely dark, and Eli and Gordon, with Diahausa, left the block-house once more by the under-ground passage, and proceeded rapidly down the river. There was very little danger of discovery, for the enemy, having no suspicion of the existence of such an outlet, had concentrated their forces around the block-house as near the palisades as the clearing would allow.

The woods were silent, with the exception of the melancholy note of the whippowils and the occasional yell of a distant panther, and no one unacquainted with the facts would have suspected that warriors, as wily and savage as the beasts whose voice occasionally broke the stillness, were lying by hundreds around the solitary stronghold, waiting for the hour to attack it.

We must leave them for the present biding their time in grim patience, and follow the three adventurers in the canoe. An hour's brisk paddling brought them to the spot where they were to land. The two white men stepped ashore, and Diahausa immediately put off again to return.

"Now, Eli," said Gordon, "Cruger's settlement's the nighest; they have twenty good fighters there, an' we'd better rouse them first, an' then push on to Schwartmann's, where we can raise about twenty-five more; and by the time we get back to the block from there, I reckon we'll find our work ready cut out."

The two scouts then, without wasting more words, struck off from the river into the woods towards Cruger's, which was about two miles off.

All the inhabitants were asleep when they reached the settlement; but Gordon, who knew every family in it, proceeded at once to Cruger's hut, and began kicking at the door and calling, "Hello! Cruger; hello! there. Git up; you're wanted!" There was a stir within, and then a sound as of a heavy man stumbling across the rough puncheon floor, and presently the door was unbarred and partly opened, and a shaggy head was thrust out, the eyes in it blinking and the mouth yawning fearfully.

"What's the matter?" said the owner of the head, sleepily, as soon as the jaws could be got sufficiently near together to articulate. "What's broke loose? Somebody's cat got kittens this time o'—"

"I'll tell you what's broke loose, Cruger," interrupted Gordon; "the devil, with three hundred of his imps, if there's one—"

"Why, if it ain't Adam Gordon!" exclaimed Cruger, who, more awake by this time, recognized the voice of the speaker; "but what d'ye mean? Is it the Injins?"

"That's jest what it is; they're around Harris's block as thick as buzzards around a dead elk. We want you and all the rifles you can muster right away, to go on with us to Schwartmann's and gather up his force, and be at the block agin afore daylight."

Without making any answer, Cruger seized a long tin horn which hung just within the door, and blew three sharp, quick blasts upon it in rapid succession. After waiting a few moments, he blew three more, and then a single long-sustained note, which swelled and echoed through the forest with a boding voice, that brought all the able-bodied men in the settlement to their feet, and made the mothers instinctively clasp their children in their arms.

The last note of the horn was answered before its echoes died away, by blasts from several different points, and in less than twenty minutes as many men fully armed were clustered around Cruger's hut waiting for orders.

The whole party started at once for Schwartmann's settlement, but when about half way there, Eli, beckoning Cruger and Gordon aside, said, "When you git the men together at the next settlement, push straight for the block, without waitin' for me or anybody."

And with these words the old man started off with long strides into the forest, in a direction leading still farther away from the block-house, and was out of sight in a moment.

"What's that mean?" said Cruger, turning to his companion; "is the old chap afeard, or is he goin' to turn traitor? Who is he, anyhow, Gordon?"

"You don't know old Eli Flint, or you wouldn't waste breath in askin' if he was coward or traitor. I don't know what his goin' off jest now means, but I do know he has some reason for it, as we'll find out, all in good time," said Adam.

Cruger was not entirely satisfied, but said no more to Gordon then, though he indulged in an occasional grumble to himself as they went along.

In due time they had reached and aroused Schwartmann's settlement, and the party, now some forty or forty-five strong, took their way directly through the forest towards the point where their assistance was required.

Eli's desertion seemed still to trouble Cruger, who once or twice remarked to Gordon that he "wondered if they'd ever see the old chap agin."

"I'll war'nt him," said the latter; "we'll see and hear him jest when and where he's most wanted, or I'm mistaken worse 'n I'm used to bein'."

While Eli and Gordon were beating up recruits, Diahanna made his way in the canoe, towards the block-house as fast as the strong current he was breasting would allow him.

He had kept well in the middle of the river, to avoid the danger of being discovered by any parties that might be outlying on the bank, until some distance above the concealed entrance. Turning his canoe then, he suffered it to drop silently down the stream, cautiously edging towards the bank, but keeping a sharp lookout on all sides.

When within a short distance of the point he was aiming for, he heard smothered voices talking, apparently on the water close to the shore. He could see nothing in the deep shadow, nor could he at first distinguish any words. Allowing the canoe still to drop down the stream, and by a dexterous management of the paddle, sidling it still nearer, he could now catch a few detached words here and there, in the Iroquois language; though he understood it a little, he could not catch enough to ascertain what they were talking about, but he did satisfy himself that there were at least two canoes and not less than six or eight of his enemies within fifty feet of him, close to the entrance of the subterranean passage, and directly between him and its mouth.

Whether they had discovered it, he could not tell; but one thing was very certain; if they had not, it was advisable to draw them off lest they should stumble upon it.

His resolution was taken at once. Crouching down in the canoe, and allowing it to drift silently by, until he had placed a couple of hundred yards or so between himself and the Iroquois, he pushed out to the middle of the river again, then up the stream about as far as he had gone before, and then, with all the power of his lungs, quavered forth the war-whoop of the Delawares.

There was one instant of silence afterwards, and then the defiance was answered by a chorus of yells from the bank of the river, and in a minute or two he heard the splashing of paddles as the two canoes came dancing out in the direction from which the sound had come.

This was all he wanted. Bending down to the work, he sent his own canoe flying up the stream for a short distance, and then, turning short towards the left bank 'till within fifty yards of it, he again allowed the canoe to drift down 'till it came opposite the opening, within which a few sweeps of his paddle carried him in safety, leaving his pursuers groping about the stream for their vanished foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The return of Diahanna was the signal to prepare for work. His account of the nearness of the Iroquois to the passage raised in the commandant's mind the same uneasiness that existed in his own, as to whether they suspected or knew of the existence of this outlet.

Calling Sexton and Morton into council, he informed them of what Storm-Cloud had seen, and asked what they thought of it.

"You don't look for Eli and the other man to come in by it, do you?" said Morton.

"No; they'll keep outside, I presume, with the men they collect. I know that neither of them is very fond of fighting within walls, if he can help it."

"Fill up wid stone where 'e rock come close togeder; plenty stone here," said Diahanna, alluding to a part of the passage near the commencement of the water, which was narrowed considerably by a jutting rock.

"Suppose the men should want to come in; we might sacrifice them in that way;" said the commandant, shaking his head; "we must trust to the gate that closes it below; it's bullet proof, and, fairly barred, would laugh at a battering ram, even if they could use one there."

"Eli or Gordon would be about as badly off with that between them and us as they would with the barricade that Storm-Cloud suggests," said Sexton.

"Not quite; they would be within hearing, and both know the signal perfectly well. There is a small postern in it, large enough to admit one person at a time, and loop holes above through which we could cover their entrance."

As this plan appeared feasible enough, and was perhaps the best that could be devised, the heavy gate was closed and securely barred, and the defenders of the fort, as it might now be called, waited for the attack.

It was sometime past midnight, and all, except the sentries and those to whom we have been listening, were sound asleep.

Another hour passed without any disturbance, and the watchers began to think that they were to escape attack for another night, and that they might as well go to sleep; they made, however, a final round of the palisades together, to see that all was right and that the sentries were not sleeping at their posts.

Everything appeared to be right until they came to the last one, near the great gate, who was leaning against the heavy upright post on which it swung, his musket lying in the hollow of his arm, and his cap drawn down over his brows. It was so dark in the shadow of the palisades that his form was barely distinguishable; but suspecting, from his lazy position, and perfect stillness, that he was asleep, the commandant approached, and seizing him by the shoulder, began to shake him roughly, when, to his surprise, the cap fell off, the body of the sentry was suddenly shoved against him with a force that made him stagger, and then the form collapsed, sank doubled up at his feet, and lay there motionless.

At the same instant a dark figure darted from the same spot, flitted past him like a ghost, and with a quick, shrill whoop, disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the block-house, before the white men had recovered from their surprise. Not so Storm-Cloud, however. As the strange form vanished in the gloom, the Delaware disappeared also, close upon his heels.

Sexton and Philip were about to follow, when a rush as if a body of men against the gate, and the voice of the commandant, speaking in sharp, eager tones, "The bar; the bar! Quick! help me here, or the devils will have the gate open!" recalled them to a more imminent peril.

The commandant was standing braced against the gate holding it with all his force against the pressure from without, under which it was gradually opening; the bar, which swung on a pivot in the middle, had been turned perpendicularly, leaving nothing but the weight of the gate and his own strength to oppose the force which was heaving it open.

Morton and his friend instantly sprang to his assistance, and succeeded in checking the yielding of the gate before the opening was quite wide enough to allow a passage through it.

They could not have held it long, however, against seven or eight times their number heaving against it, and they were on the point of giving way, when the commandant's foot came in contact with a stout stick like a handspike which lay near the gate.

Seizing it instantly, he inserted one end under one of the planks which was fastened across the gate to strengthen it, leaving the other resting upon the ground, in a sloping position, thus forming a brace, which no pushing from without could move.

The hinges grated and groaned, and the heavy gate sprang under the impetuous surges made against it, but the prop held its own sturdily, till a dozen men came rushing pell mell from the block-house, when the gate was forced back to its place, and the bar dropped into its socket.

The Indians, as is their custom when they have failed in an attack, withdrew for a time, allowing our three friends to recover the breath which had begun to come short and thick after their tremendous exertions.

"You were just in time," said the commandant to the new comers as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak connectedly, "how did you find out we wanted you here?"

"Why," said one of the men, "we heerd a whoop out this way that sounded as if it was inside the palisades, an' the Delawares said right away 'dem Iroquois!' an' so we thought somethin' must be wrong, an' started out at once."

"There was an Indian inside here," said the commandant, "who ran off towards the house with Storm-Cloud after him; did you see or hear them?"

"Yes," said the other; "jest as we got outside the door we heard somethin' brush past through the bushes; we couldn't see what it was, but the Delawares must ha' guessed, for they left us, an' took after it hot foot."

Leaving a strong guard at the gate, the commandant, with his two companions, now returned to the fort, where they found Diahanna and the other Delawares waiting for them, and with them the Iroquois, whom they had been chasing, his hands tied behind him, standing a little apart in sullen silence.

One or two unsuccessful attempts to make him speak satisfied the commandant that no information was to be gained from him, and there being no time to waste, he was securely bound and placed under guard for the present, with some of the youngest of the settlers, who were as yet hardly fit for service in fighting, but perfectly competent to such a duty as was now imposed upon them.

All the sleepers had been aroused by the disturbance, and the place was alive with the voices of the women, clamoring to know what was the matter, and the fretting and crying of the younger children, cross at being suddenly awakened, 'till the old bachelor commandant was nearly wild with the unaccustomed racket.

"By George!" said he, sharply; "here, you men, make your wives go to bed again and keep still, if they know how; tell those children if they don't stop their squalling I'll call the Indians in to them and turn 'em all into pappooses; tell 'em anything to make 'em stop this infernal noise."

The women, who stood in a good deal of awe of the testy old commandant, withdrew with their children again, and soon succeeded in quieting them, with the exception of an occasional whimper.

Soon after they withdrew, a musket-shot was heard from the palisades on the opposite side of the enclosure from that at which the previous attack had been made, followed by the sharp cracking of several rifles, and a moment afterwards the soldier who had been posted there came running in without his cap, in breathless excitement.

"Yer honor, there's a hundred o' the divils a-climbin' over the palisades yonder, if there's one, an' they're a-makin' sthraight fur the block."

"To the loop-holes, men, and pick off anything you can see, without waiting for orders!" said the commandant. "Gentlemen"—to Sexton and Philip—"come with me, if you please."

So saying, he again entered the little room in which the cannon was concealed, uncovered it, and with the assistance of his companions trained it through a small square window like a port-hole.

"Now," said he, "if one of the men will only fire, so as to give me a glimpse of light to take aim by, I'll astonish these gentlemen."

Even while he was speaking, the flash from three or four guns at once, shed a momentary light, by which he could see a crowd of dark figures, some on the ground within the enclosure advancing stealthily, while others were climbing over the palisades.

It was dark again in an instant, but he had got the direction.

"Slew round a little to the left," said he, eagerly, to Morton, who held the lever used for the purpose; "there, that'll do;" and then applied the match.

The priming flared for a moment, and then came the loud report, almost deafening in the small apartment.

The gun was then jerked back, sponged, reloaded, run out and fired again, before the savages had fairly time to recover from their astonishment; for Morton was at home, now, and worked with the precision and celerity of a practised artilleryman.

Both discharges were followed by a "cats' concert" of screams and squalls from the astonished women and children and by a tumult of yells and shrieks from the assailants, as the storms of grape-shot tore their way through the latter. When the gun was run out for the third time, however, all was silent, except the rush of feet making with headlong haste for the palisades.

Here they were hailed; from the outside they had reached the top by raising one end of a fallen tree trunk sufficiently high for a man standing upon it to reach the top of the barrier with his hands, swing himself over and drop within; but there was nothing inside but the perpendicular face of the logs, which it was impossible to scale without some such aid.

The commandant knew this and withheld his fire.

"Now," said he, "we've got 'em in a trap. Morton, you're a capital gunner—don't you hear 'em scattering along the palisades? They'll come on the fellows at the gate directly, and get another dose."

"Sure enough," interrupted Sexton, "there it goes;" as a volley of shots was heard in that direction, followed by a rush and the sounds of a hand to hand conflict.

In another moment they were out of the block-house, followed by Diahanna and his warriors, (among whom Sexton recognized the swathed head of "Bear-that-hugs,") together with most of the white men, and plunging along through the darkness towards the gate, where a tough struggle was evidently going on.

In half a minute more the fight there, at least, was over, and the intruders either killed, wounded, or with arms thrown away, racing around the enclosure for their lives, with the Delawares in hot pursuit. It hardly needs to tell their fate. "Keep a sharp look out here, boys," the commandant was beginning, when three sharp knocks were heard upon the outside of the gate, and a voice speaking sharply, but in an undertone—

"Undo the bar, quick, an' let us in, the ground's clear now."

"Who is it?" inquired the commandant, "speak a little louder."

"Why it's *me!*" said the speaker, raising his voice a little; "why it's me, with the men from Cruger's an' Schwartmann's, down the river."

"It is Gordon;" said Philip, eagerly, and springing to the bar.

"Quick!" said the voice again; "quick! there's fifty or more o' the varmint a-sneakin' up, an' they'll be mixed up with us, if you don't hurry!"

Philip instantly threw the gate open, and the rough hunters poured through, some forty-five in number; Gordon and Cruger remaining outside until the last one had entered.

The two leaders were at this moment about twenty or thirty feet from the gate, and were just moving forward to follow their men, when a dark line of savages leaped forward with wild yells of triumph, from where they had been lying, close in the shadow of the palisades, and passing between them and the gate before they could reach it, fairly cut them off.

At the same moment a strong body in the rear, the same that Gordon had mentioned at first, also rushed forward, with wild cries, amid the confusion of which could be heard the name "Bald Eagle!" "The Bald Eagle!" for whom they had apparently mistaken Gordon.

The gate was still standing open.

"Turn out again! Turn out and beat 'em off!" shouted the commandant. "Not you, doctor; we'll want you after awhile," he added, to Sexton, who, side by side with Philip, dashed through the opening, apparently without having heard him. "You, Jackson and Moultrie, stay here and guard the gate; the rest, follow!"

And out they poured to the spot where during the moments that had elapsed, Adam and his companion had been keeping the swarm of enemies at bay outside the sweep of their long rifles which were swinging around their heads in wide circles, every now and then felling some one or other of their foes who had incautiously ventured too near.

As the last man passed the gate it was closed again, and the principal force of the garrison was now out upon the open ground, exposed to the whole power of their enemies.

The reinforcement had the effect, however, of relieving the two men from the odds against them, by forcing the savages to look to their own safety against this new attack.

For the time, the numbers of the combatants were nearly even, but other bodies of the Indians began to come up from the woods, until the white men were outnumbered, more than three to one.

They still held their ground, stubbornly, however, keeping as close as possible to the palisades, that they might not be taken in the rear.

They fought as men do who fight for their lives. It was impossible to enter the enclosure again without admitting their enemies with them, and thus endangering those in the block-house, whom they were trying to defend; man after man was dropping among them, while the survivors kept up the fight with the grim energy of despair, when suddenly, from the right, came a loud "hurrah!" followed by the sharp, irregular cracking of twenty or thirty rifles, the bullets of which whistling almost across their faces, brought down a dozen or more of their assailants at once.

Then, with loud shouts and whoops, "hurling into the midst of the press," came leaping forward, a party of men, with clubbed rifles in their hands, and gleaming knives dangling by thongs from their wrists, and plunged headlong among the combatants, driving the Indians before them, and scattering them like dried leaves. Foremost among the new assailants were two tall figures, one of whom Morton, by the flash of a musket near him, recognized as Eli Flint.

The other was about as tall as Eli, but broader and more muscular-looking, giving evidence, in his movements, of enormous strength, which he used with the active energy of a wild-cat.

He was dressed in black from head to foot, and his mouth and the lower part of his swarthy face were covered by a thick, black beard, which no razor had desecrated for years.

As this figure hurled itself among them, bounding now here, now there, like an enraged tiger, grasping his heavy rifle by the middle of the barrel with one hand, and plying it, quarter-staff fashion, as easily as if it had been a wand, while the other grasped a long, keen knife, striking everywhere, never missing a blow, and never needing to repeat it, the Indians recoiled before him in terror, with sudden cries of mingled fear and rage—"Le Chasseur Noir! Le Chasseur! The Black-Hunter! Injin Killer!"

"By the jumpin' Jobosephat!" shouted Adam; "it's Captain Jack himself! I know'd Eli was up to somethin'. Pitch at 'em, boys; we're got 'em now, sure!"

It was hardly needed. Panic-stricken at the apparition of the terrible borderer, whose reckless bravery and unsparing vengeance, dealt upon their race with a most liberal hand for many a moon past, had invested him with a sort of supernatural character in their eyes, the savages broke and fled, every man for himself, to the cover of the woods.

And it was no idle dread. To them he seemed to bear a charmed life. For had he not escaped, unhurt, from ambuscades laid with all the cunning of their best and wisest warriors? Had he not risen from the wigwam where he lay, bound hand and foot, with armed men around the door, stalked forth unbound, crushing down those who attempted to seize him, as they would have crushed down so many rats, and made his resistless way through a howling tribe of warriors vainly clutching and striking at him? Could they not hear their bullets "spat" against him and see them fall flattened to the ground, while hatchets broke like glass, and knife points curled up like soft wire as they struck him?

Many and very wild were the tales, told in the villages, of this terrible Black-Hunter. How the bravest warriors, singly and in bands, had gone out, sworn never to return without his scalp, and how they never did return, but while they were looking for them still, the death wail, from some lodge in the village, would break sadly upon the still morning air, over a warrior lying stark and scalpless upon his couch of skins, with a single knife cut across the forehead; and, by that token, they knew that the destroyer had again been among them.

The siege was ended. The Indians terrified by the cannon, the "big thunder gun," of which they had the most exaggerated notions, baffled at all points, and above all, utterly cowed by the sudden appearance of their dreaded and seemingly ubiquitous enemy, "Le Chasseur Noir," collected their scattered forces, and by the time the sun was above the tree tops, were on their hurried way from the dangerous neighborhood, with the avengers who had followed them, hanging on their trail. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

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We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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MR. BENNETT'S NEXT STORY.

"The Phantom of the Forest," judging from numerous letters, appears to have given great satisfaction to our readers.

Mr. Bennett's next story will be one of the MEXICAN REVOLUTION. We hope to commence it before a very long period.

In the meantime, PHILIP MORTON will please those of our readers who are fond of adventure and daring deeds, while we have several stories of a different character, and which our lady readers especially will be sure to like, which are only waiting room for insertion.

For we do not like to encroach with our stories too much upon the general variety of the paper.

PAPER FROM WOOD.

The AMERICAN WOOD PULP PAPER COMPANY have completed their arrangements, and are now engaged at their extensive works at Manayunk, in this city, in turning every day about twenty-five cords of wood of the Tulip Poplar tree into ten tons of wood pulp suitable for paper.

The Hon. Mr. Jencks, Messrs. Jessup & Moore, Mr. Martin Nixon, and the other gentlemen concerned, deserve great credit for the enterprise and energy they have displayed.

We are glad to think that the completion of these extensive works, will open a new era in the business of paper-making, and finally conduce to a great reduction in the price of paper—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

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we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

ITALIAN BANDITS.

We give an interesting account on the fourth page of an English lady's recent adventure with some Italian bandits. Italy must be a nice place to travel in. We see it stated that within two years no less than 2,538 brigands have been killed and captured in that delightful clime. The brigands, on their part, killed and wounded in the same time 518 soldiers, assassinated 736, and captured and held to ransom 951 natives and travellers, and killed and stole 13,688 head of cattle. The number of *adherents* of the brigands detected and captured during the same period was no less than 4,257. These fellows, as guides or servants to travellers, or as postilions, or "gentlemenly companions," lead their unsuspecting victims astray, and betray them into the hands of the bandits.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

We have received the following from a lady at Washington C. H, Ohio:—

"I received my Machine to-day. It is beautiful. I thank you kindly for this nice Machine. I also feel thankful to my subscribers.

"Respectfully, ALICE SHOOK."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONVERSATIONS, DISCUSSIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THOMAS STORY. Compiled by NATHANIEL RICHARDSON. Philadelphia, T. Ellwood Zell.

Thomas Story was a learned and able man, and a minister of the Society of Friends. He was a civil officer under Wm. Penn, who appointed him Keeper of the Seals, Master of the Rolls, a Member of the Council, and was the first Recorder of the City of Philadelphia, under the first city charter, which was in 1701. He was also in 1706, chosen Mayor of the city; for declining which office he was fined twenty pounds. He travelled much, both in Europe and America, as a Minister of the Gospel, and many of these anecdotes relate to distinguished people whom he then met. Mr. Richardson has done a good work in extracting them from the original publication, and presenting them in this compact form. The volume is well worth reading by the members of all religious sects.

A SKETCH OF CHILI. Expressly prepared for the Use of Emigrants from the United States and Europe to that country. With a Map. By Daniel J. Hunter. Published by S. Hallet, New York.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for March. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—A most terrible murder was discovered in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 11th. Christopher Deering and family, comprising seven persons in all, residing in the "Neck," some distance below the Navy-Yard, were found dead, having been brained with an axe. It is supposed that the murder was committed on the Saturday previous, and that plunder was the object, as the house had been ransacked. A German, who was in Mr. Deering's employ, is suspected of committing the murder, and has been arrested. He confesses to murdering a boy, but says an accomplice murdered the others.

CHOLERA OR SHIP FEVER.—The steamship England recently put into Halifax with cholera or perhaps ship fever on board. There had been 240 cases and fifty deaths. There were 1,200 passengers (emigrants) in the steerage. Part of the passengers will be placed on board the hospital ship, and shantles erected on the beach for the sick. No communication with the ship will be allowed. There are three doctors on board to look after the ship. The passengers are principally German and Irish. The captain thinks the disease was brought on board by the German passengers.

☞ A West Waterville soldier boy, with an artificial leg of his own making, recently walked a mile and an eighth in less than fifteen minutes—just to see what he could do.

☞ The perplexity of the British Government as to the real *whereabouts* of the Fenian Republic, arises probably from its having so many different centres.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

EXORDIUM—A FAMILY FISHING PARTY—A FINE FISH—KATE IN DISTRESS—A QUEER MONSTER—A SURPRISE—EDITH'S SHOT—TEACHING BARBARIANS.

I prefer not to make history, or manufacture incidents from imagination, having always under my eye more recorded facts than I should care to offer to readers unfamiliar with countries, customs and people so different from our own, that there are few features of resemblance. To such as shall be pleased to afford us the pleasure of their companionship through Chile, and from Chile northward to the end of our tramp, I shall beg them to bear in mind always that it is "*South* American Civilization" that we are following—not that of the United States, or England, or any civilized country of Europe. That the time occupied in the journey runs through a period of revolutions, overturning of governments, among turbulent, lawless people; and if sometimes we drift upon an unusual, startling adventure—we cannot help that. The fault is not ours. We were not masters of the situation, and such vicissitudes were inevitable.

If my memory is not at fault, our last piscatorial performance was in drawing electric eels from a river of *el Pays del Diavo*. That was a long while ago, and only a half hour's amusement at the best. If you please, let us go a fishing on the Pacific side of the land.

We are informed that Prof. Aggasiz has discovered above three hundred new varieties of fishes in a single Brazilian river. It is scarcely probable that he could count up as many in fishing out the whole West Coast of America, from Panama to Cape Horn. But if the professor could make it convenient to spend a month in angling in the waters of the Gulf of *Guaiteca*, I am confident he would hook up some monstrous queer fishes—something more than *varieties*. There would probably be a necessity for several new classes, orders and families in ichthyological science. Let us go a fishing, and see what we shall hook up.

Our friends the ex-whale killers of Valverde, provided a snug, comfortable, fast-sailing schooner, having ample accommodations for our whole party; and as not more than half our number were inclined for fishing, our hosts, with their wives and a majority of sons and daughters, of both families, all expert anglers, supplied the places of our absentees, our Chiloe farmer-merchants laying in a stock of many good things to eat and drink, that Cator said should have lasted the party round Cape Horn.

At two o'clock, A. M., we got under weigh with a brisk northwardly breeze, and an hour after sunrise were snug to an anchor in a narrow nameless bay on the Patagonian side of the gulf, our friends assuring us that it was by far the best fishing ground anywhere along the coast; the only disagreeable drawback being that the Indians were sometimes belligerent, and occasionally there was some sharp skirmishing between them and the Chiloe fishermen. But as we all had *our rifles and revolvers with us*, the schooner had twenty-five good English muskets in her cabin, and a nine-pounder brass boat gun mounted on deck with plenty of ammunition for both howitzer and muskets, it was little concern we gave ourselves on account of the Patagonians, whatever might be their numbers, or disposition towards us.

Within a quarter of an hour after coming to an anchor, every angler, male and female, was in position, and lines were overboard both sides, fore and aft, over the bows, over the taffrail, and the scaly pastime was fully inaugurated.

Senora Minnie had the honor of the first "hook"—only it required a stronger pull than Minnie could command to haul in her fish. A famous handsome fellow, shaped like a salmon, five feet long, weighing a hundred pounds at least—purple, and green, and gold, and all the tints of a beautiful humming-bird on the back—underneath, a clear, bluish white; head a gamboge yellow, striped with brown, and fins and tail as scarlet as the coat of a Coldstream guardsman. A most magnificent fish altogether, and very respectable "hook" for a lady.

Our Chiloe friends said the fish was an exceedingly rare one, so much so that though they fished a great deal, no one of the family had caught one of the fish in more than two years. The Patagonians called it *Magoota*, and as the Chiloans had no name for the fish, either in Spanish or English, they adopted that of the Indians. So Senora Minnie had caught a *Magoota*, a famous one too, and proud enough she was of "first hook."

Directly the fish began to gather underneath the vessel, and rapidly we began to gather them in on deck, and a lively time we had of it. Fore and aft—starboard and port—over the bows, over the taffrail, there was busy pulling and hauling, splashing, flapping and flouncing—hurried baiting of hooks, hilarity, hurrahs and hauling up fish by the wholesale; and Cator, the greedy ex-cod catcher, not content with single hauls, *snooded* a half dozen hooks to his line and hauled in his victims by threes and fours.

There were a dozen kinds among our "catch," all fine-looking fish, and very good, our friends said; the majority, however, being a variety of the *garoupa*, resembling the codfish in shape, but averaging three times the size, one of the dorsal and anal fins being absent, and the fish being colored very nearly like a shad, or lake white-fish, with head and fins a delicate bluish pink. The Spaniards of the West Coast call the fish *Pechicolorado*. I don't know why—nothing in the least like a *goldfinch* about the scaly fellow.

After we had been fishing nearly an hour, Mrs. Kate O'Harra all at once went into a hurrah and St. Vitus antic, singing out:

"Oh, bother—bless the luck! I've hooked the world, and it's going off with my line, or—Here you—O'Harra—Cator—Cosmo—doctor. Do—ar me! anybody! The Ogre is pulling me over—bo—ard! Help!"

There was something serious when Kate O'Harra called for help, and so everybody dropped lines and ran to the rescue. Yes, there was occasion for an outcry certainly. Some marine monster had laid hold of Kate O'Harra's hook, and was walking steadily off with it, as if he were an elephant, and Kate in her flurry, having stepped into the bight of the line, there it was, hauled taut around her waist in a round turn, and the sub-marine *thing*, whatever it was, in its retreat was taking the hoe steadily out, winding our jolly, companionable Kate round and round, hugging her tight against the rail, and squeezing her in a way new, and not quite comfortable.

We soon had the lady free from the line, and one of the young islanders taking it in his hand, in a moment or two cried out:—"*El Clavazon do mar!*" (Queer name for a fish, that, come to turn it into English literally—*The row of nails of the sea.*) However, it might be that—we didn't know. But the young Chiloan leaped into a boat along side, taking the line with him, a brother and cousin were in almost as soon, each taking a gaff hook with him, Cator tumbled in a moment later carrying a harpoon and whaling lance, and slowly the young man who had the line, began to round it in hand over hand, until he had the boat plumb over the *thing*, whatever it might be, at the lower end of the line, when he began cautiously and carefully to haul in, bringing the monster gradually to the surface.

They were seventy-five yards or so from the schooner, so that we could see nothing under the surface, but in two or three minutes there was a break in the water—the two young islanders made a simultaneous grab with their gaff hooks, Cator let drive his harpoon, and then there was a grand flurry, and jolly, lively tussle. The fishing line was abandoned, but the gaffs and harpoon held the game, and after worrying it a few minutes, and administering two or three vigorous lance thrusts, they quieted the creature, pulled alongside the schooner, and we hoisted *amphibia* in on deck with a tackle.

Upon my word, it was as well named *a row of nails* as anything else. A nondescript marine monster, about seven feet long, three feet broad across the head, and diminishing to about one at the posterior portion of the body—then a flattened, scaly tail set vertical like a tadpoles', two-thirds the length of the body, hard shelled, like a terrapin, but almost flat on the back, with five rows of black horny spines, six inches in length, with a button or knob at the top of each, the rows running longitudinally of the creature, looking very much as if there had been so many rows of immense nails driven into the animal's shell.

Underneath, the thing was clad in a thick, horny skin of a muddy white color, full of knotty tubercles. There were two anal, and two long, wing-like pectoral fins, and besides, there were two short trenchant legs springing from the base of the jaw, having broad, flat five toed feet, armed with immense curved claws. It was an awful mouth the monster had, opening three feet across and two deep, with two rows of formidable sharp-like teeth. And then half way up the flat shell snout were two green, glaring, lidless eyes the size of a small tea saucer.

It was an ugly, uncouth, hideous thing entirely. Perhaps Professor Agassiz, had he been present, would have been able to put the nondescript where he belonged. As for us, there was not a man or woman of the party able to tell whether the thing was a vertobrate, radiate, mollusk, reptile, mammal, ganvid, amphibia, fish or fowl. We guessed it was not a bird, though it was a biped, had rudimentary wings, and *quills* enough, if they had only been feathered, to have made a frigate bird of him. Not knowing what better to make of the monster, we decided to let him remain *el clavazon do mar*.

We had been so engaged with Kate O'Harra's *queer "hook"* that we had neither eyes or ears for anything else, until just at the termination of our inspection, a sudden whirring whiz about our ears, several rapid rat-tat-tats against the bulwarks, set us very wide awake to something in a second. There were a dozen feathered arrows quivering in the bulwarks, a bone pointed shaft was driven through the arm of one of the young islanders, another whipped Edith Bond's *sombrero* from her head overboard, and Cator was spitted through his blue "jumper," just clear of the nape of his neck, by an arrow, like a turkey trussed for roasting.

Twenty-five yards from the schooner were nearly as many great clumsy log canoes, crowded with Patagonian savages, the canoes all huddled close together, and the Indians evidently preparing for a dash upon us.

I had never seen our amiable Baltimore beauty flushed with anger before. But the loss of her pet sombrero, and the quick thought that the red rascal intended the shaft for her head rather than her hat, called all Edith Bond's fight up in a wink. With one quick spring she snatched her faithful "Lansingburg" from the folds of the foresail—*click*—crack—and the nearest savage in the nearest canoe leaped into the air with a wild yell, and toppled headlong overboard.

"Brave girl! God bless you, Edith! Only that could have saved us," cried one of our ex-whaler islanders—I have forgotten which. "That shot will hold them in check three or four minutes, and then God help the red rascals."

Every one ran for arms—every soul of the islanders, male and female, could handle a musket like a drilled soldier—as for our party, we knew precisely what our rifles and revolvers would do at twenty-five or thirty yards under provocation.

The howitzer had been charged with a blank cartridge to fire a salute at noon—one of the islanders sent down a stand of grape, Cator sighted the piece, stood by with the match, and, a moment after we had sent a rattling volley of rifle, revolver and musket shots in among the astonished barbarians, Cator unhitched the howitzer, and the iron hail storm swept through the fleet of canoes in a whirlwind of slaughter, killing, disabling and shattering the clumsy canoes of the poor mistaken fools. There was no danger of further molestation from the Patagonian marauders. They had discovered their error. They had not dreamed that the holiday fishing craft was an armed vessel, and had thought to capture, plunder and then destroy her, killing every soul on board, as they had done in four instances within a few months, and many in the past five years. But they had been taught a lesson they would not be likely to forget very soon.

As for our Edith, all the Chiloeans, men, women and boys, hugged and kissed her out of countenance, called her:—"Brave girl—guardian angel," and during the remainder of our sojourn on the island Edith Bond was a pet lioness.

☞ A queer question is exciting the noddles of the wise people of the Green Mountain State: "If a bell goes through the motion of ringing and there be no ear to hear, will there be a noise?" After a column of arguments pro and con, the editor of Bellows Falls Times sums up the following among other theories: "Noise is composed of three parts, so to speak; first, the vibration of the tongue on the bell; second, the vibration in the air; and third, the vibration on the ear; hence, if this view be correct, there would be just two-thirds of a noise.

☞ A letter writer describing fashionable costume in Philadelphia, says: "I observe that the prevailing color of garters is blue."

Washington Etiquette.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

The etiquette of Washington society is very different from that which prevails everywhere else. Here strangers make the first call on all officials of whatever capacity, though the residents, (who form a small minority) here, as elsewhere, make the first call on strangers. But a lady newly come to Washington must leave the first card here on the wife of the plainest member of Congress, or of a subordinate officer in one of the Departments.

Among these officials towards each other there is a certain strict etiquette; all of course call at the White House, then the ladies of the Cabinet call first on the wives of the Senators, as they are regarded as higher in rank than the Secretaries, on the ground that the members of the Cabinet are merely the advisers of the President, while the Senators are actual law givers. Among those of the same rank the rule is that the family of the newly made Senator or Secretary call first on those of older date.

The wives of the under Secretaries and of the members of Congress call first on Senators and Secretaries; while the families of Secretaries, Senators and members must pay the first visit to the General-in-Chief, though lower officers of the army and navy call first on Cabinet and Senators, but rigorously expect the first visit from members of Congress and subordinate officers.

Of course the entire body of officials, as well as strangers and residents, call first on the foreign ministers, though the diplomats must pay the first visit at the White House.

All these rules doubtless appear somewhat complicated, and indeed one has to be here some time before one really comprehends the whole etiquette of fashionable society.

But although to outsiders it may seem that those high in power have an altogether enviable position, a slight inquiry into their actual condition will show that there are many drawbacks to their apparent life of glory.

The ladies of the White House receive, as I have said, all these visits, but are forbidden by etiquette to return any. Neither must they ever accept an invitation to any party or entertainment. Miss Lane was the last lady in that position who ever went out, and she very seldom, while Mrs. Lincoln never went at all; so that now it has now become a strict custom that they shall not leave their temporary home for any scene of gayety.

And this home, what a place it is! A furnished house of the worst description, forlorn, dirty, cheerless, and just now dilapidated! As for anything like quiet or home comfort that is perfectly out of the question. Very few alterations are permitted to be made in its arrangements, and the actual necessaries of whole furniture and new carpets must await the pleasure of Congress.

In this house then these ladies are prisoners for four years. They must receive hosts of calls from inquisitive and intrusive people, but can have very little chance for any social intercourse. During the season in winter, too, it must be no light labor to stand up for three hours once a week and shake hands with the thousand of people. For the amiable ladies now in the White House honor each caller with a shake of the hand.

As for privacy, there is no such thing about the White House, the grounds are rarely free from curious loungers, and if any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to stare at them as if they expected to see something more than ordinary mortals. When the ladies go out to drive, or enter a store for shopping, you can imagine what whispered comments and inquisitive looks they meet.

But if the ladies of the White House are restricted in visiting, the wives and families of other officials suffer from the immense amount of social duties required of them. They must return every call that is made them, and when you think that these amount in many cases to a hundred a week or even more in the height of the season, you can fancy the labor involved. A visiting list of fifteen hundred names is not unusual, and I met one of these ladies at the door of a hotel the other day, who told me she was there to leave fifty cards.

As for going out in the season, each official's wife must appear at least once at the house of every person who entertains, besides giving several evening receptions herself, so that it is a small wonder they look utterly worn out after a time.

The importunate and begging visitors these ladies are subjected to are also a great source of annoyance. In many instances they are beset by impostors who deserve small consideration, but so many cases of real destitution come under their observation, that a tender-hearted woman is saddened by the sorrow she cannot always alleviate.

There is doubtless much that is exceedingly agreeable in holding these high positions, but I have given this sketch of some of the drawbacks attending them, that those in humbler places may rejoice that if they have not so much power they have chances for far more home happiness.

In the gay world at present there is almost a total stagnation, the only occupied evenings being Thursday, when Speaker COLFAX still has his levees and the Marquis de Montholm is at home, and Tuesday the evening of the White House receptions.

The jam there grows more intense as the season advances, and the nights are so fine that people can walk to them. Occasionally the crowd is awful. It is a fearful ordeal to make one's way from the cloak-room to the red-room, one is pushed, jammed and torn to pieces, and arriving in the safe harbor of the small parlor one is truly thankful to have a moment for rearranging one's dress, and settling one's disordered adornments before entering the President's presence. The awe which at first invested these levees, as being ladies' receptions, seems now to have worn away, and soldiers in their rough blue coats, and hard-handed mechanics press on in a stream to greet their Chief Magistrate. The President now stands just inside the door to shake hands with all comers, while the ladies are placed further back towards the centre of the room, so that they avoid seeing all but those who especially wish an introduction.

There has been quite an excitement here over the lady clerks in the Departments. It seems that there are many dissensions among themselves, and recently Mrs. Swisshelm, who was in the Treasury, published in one of the papers quite an abusive article on their levity of conduct, which, of course, gave rise to much ill feeling. Soon after this she was expelled for some disrespectful remarks about the President. But the troubles did not cease with her departure. There still continued to be such bickerings and disagreements, that in one day twenty-five were sent away, and they say the excitement is not over yet. This is much to be regretted, as the ill considered conduct of these women may engender a prejudice against all their co-workers.

Birds Protected in France.

Not very many months ago, the French Senate was called upon to deliberate seriously on the best means of protecting small birds, of which the destruction, wantonly carried on by young boys and idle young men—the one through the habitual thoughtlessness of childhood, the other through the idea of "sport"—was becoming a real source of grievance to small farmers and agriculturists. In the course of the debate many curious facts and statements were brought forth, tending to show the absolute benefit and necessity of these winged pilferers of orchards and private gardens, whose services as exterminators of the smaller insect tribes which cause so much devastation to the produce of the farmer are cheaply purchased by the loss of a few bushels of currants, or even more valuable cherries. The purpose of the petitioners was answered: thenceforth the small birds of France were placed under the protecting wings of the gray-headed members of the Senate, and the organ of destructiveness (in one of its developments at least) was checked for a time.

The Hair.

Every one of the present systems of treating deficiency of hair is based upon a wrong principle, and is not dictated by any knowledge of physiological principles. We have but one method in vogue among our barbers and peruquiers—*stimulation*. Now, unless the state of the nutritive fluid be such as to offer the necessary pabulum or food, upon which the hair can feed as it were, and out of which it grows, we may coax and call upon the hair bulbs and follicles to work in vain; and stimulation can only do good in those cases in which the mischief is local, where there is local torpor or inactivity in fact. Otherwise the local powers, the roots and bulbs, are overtaxed and actually weakened. It seems at first as if improvement really took place, because steam is put on, but subsequent relaxation and depression are certain to occur.

Serenade.

"The sound of my banjo shall haunt your dreams,
As I tinkle its cords afar;
I play on the banjo because it seems
A sort of a wild guitar,

"That once was a fiddle, and once a slave,
And once has a broomstick been;
But is trying, as long as its happens to live,
To think it's a tambourine!"

* * * * * * *

So murmured the minstrel and so sang he,
But he shut up his music soon,
For the cat in the "airey" at No. 3
Kept singing quite out of tune.

A PATENT WINDOW CLEANER.—An ingenious instrument for cleaning windows of every description has been lately invented by Mr. Smeaton, of Birkenhead, England. It consists of a long wooden rod, with an elbow joint; and the person using it has no need either to stand or even to sit on the window-sill. The long arm is supplied with a nut and double cord, and the short arm has a movable bolt on it, to which may be attached a brush, sponge or wash-leather; and by moving the nut up and down, the brush or other article on the short arm is brought in contact with the window panes. The instrument seems to answer its purpose admirably. It is light, portable and cheap.

THE ORIGINAL MERMAID.—Prof. Huxley, in a recent lecture, gave an interesting account of the order of Syrenia, taking as a type the dugong. The professor has no doubt that it was this queer animal that gave rise to the myth of mermaids. The dugong has a not unhuman face, its head and back are covered with hair something like bristles on a pig, and it comes to the surface of the water in the great Indian Ocean (to which it is confined) vertically, not unfrequently, if a female, holding to its breast, with a paw, its infant, the mammæ being two in number, and large and rounded. The veritable mermaid, without doubt.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE.—The French police lately captured an ingenious rogue. He employed a young draughtsman to make drawings for him of the newest articles exposed for sale in jewelers' shop windows, and immediately had close imitations made of base metal. He would then pretend to wish to purchase the articles, and have them sent to his hotel, ostensibly for the purpose of showing them to his wife, when he had only to change them for the counterfeits which he would send back.

☞ A LITERARY FIX.—Miss Amelia B. Edwards has "got into a literary fix" by not consulting a barrister before arranging the legal framework of her new novel, "Half a Million of Money." The whole story hinges on her hero's coming into possession of a long accumulating sum of money conditionally bequeathed to any male heir of the testator who might be living after one hundred years. Such a thing turns out to be impossible under the English law.

☞ The total area of the United States is three millions two thousand and thirteen square miles, while the area of all Europe is but three million eight hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and thirty square miles.

☞ "It will not do," says Sydney Smith, "to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother, and his uncles and his first cousins, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and his particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice."

☞ A young American lady, brought up in the Christian faith, joined the Jewish church at Chicago a few days ago.

☞ The ladies in Paris now plate the heels of their boots with gold and silver.

☞ The Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser says that a son of Brigham Young, formerly a resident of that village, was in town last week, looking up sundry debts of his father's, which he was anxious to liquidate, with the interest which had accrued during thirty-five years.

The Slave Trade.

Dr. Livingstone in his new book on Africa, describes the cruelties practiced by those who, in spite of the opposition of the civilized world, continue the slave trade on the eastern coast of that continent. It is conducted principally by half-caste Portuguese, who are revolting specimens of humanity. One of their number recently resorted to the atrocious practice of spearing his captives with his own hands for the purpose of inspiring terror. On one occasion he killed in this way forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. The wanton sacrifice of human life by these traders is dreadful. The great African explorer gives it as his "deliberate opinion that not one-fifth of the victims of the slave trade ever become slaves. Taking the Shire valley as an average, not even one-tenth arrive at their destination." Passing through a territory that had been subjected to a slave raid, he thus describes the desolation caused by the purveyors of the "trade of hell:"

"Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east. Others lay in their huts, with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse, with the poor rags round the loins—the skull fallen off from the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months before a well peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster of iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

☞ In April the late war commenced, and in April it ended. On the 12th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and on the 19th the Sixth Massachusetts was attacked in Baltimore. On the 3d of April, 1865, Gen. Grant took possession of Richmond; on the 9th Lee surrendered, and on the 14th President Lincoln was murdered.

☞ George IV., in the latter part of his life, was in the habit of quoting the Iron Duke as a witness to the statement that his majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. Wellington's answer on such occasions invariably was:—"I have often heard your majesty speak of that before."

☞ A miner who lately came from Virginia City says that the vegetation is so scarce in that region that "two mullen stalks and a bunch of thistles is called a grove."

☞ ELOQUENCE.—"But, as I said before, we have proved to you where that town line is. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there it will remain forever, and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never efface it—can never wash it out. No, gentleman; he may plant one foot on the utmost verge of the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcturus, and seize the Pleiades by the hair, and wring them dry, but he cannot wash out that town line—never, never."

☞ A very good illustration of the extent of our country is the announcement of a steamboat voyage about to be made from Pittsburg, Pa., to Fort Benton, on the headwaters of the Missouri, a distance of about forty-six hundred miles. In no other way can one get a better idea of the vast domain over which the starry banner floats than by travelling day after day on our great navigable rivers, which form an important element of our commercial advantages. Fort Benton is in the new territory of Idaho, and the contemplated voyage is the whole length of the Ohio, and nearly the whole length of the Missouri, besides a part of the Mississippi equal to an ordinary river.

☞ About 300 oil wells are down, or going down, in the vicinity of Bothwell, Canada, of which 30 or 40 are pumping a daily average of about 20 barrels each. About one well out of four is a failure, two wells out of four medium, one well out of four large.

☞ "Come, Bob, say, what did you clear by your speculation?" said a friend to his companion. "Clear!" answerd Bob, with a frown, "why, I cleared my pockets."

☞ Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue.

☞ An exchange tells of a man who left off chewing tobacco several weeks ago, and has since gained twelve pounds of flesh. His appetite has increased to such an alarming extent that it is feared he will be obliged to resume tobacco or starve to death!

☞ The London Spectator says:—"One of the most terribly pathetic stories connected with the sinking of the steamship London has not yet appeared in print. One of the many ladies on board was near her confinement. Under the strain of that long agony her child was born, and when the ship went down she was seen holding it above her head, as if striving with true maternal instinct that, though all must die, her baby must die the last."

☞ CHINESE SIMILES.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

☞ From recent scientific investigations in Europe it has been shown most conclusively that in localities where impure water has been drunk by the inhabitants the cholera has principally raged, proving impure water to be one of the chief causes of cholera.

☞ No man for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer.

☞ The mania of the common mind is to believe most firmly that which is the least comprehensible.

☞ Fashionable young lady detaching her hair before retiring:—"What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal *coil!*"

☞ Miss Murphy (to applicant for help). Before I engage with you, I would like to see a character from yer last girl.

The Fourth Book of the Æneid of Virgil

Done into Modern American.

But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
Woke up, and gaped, and looked and said,
"What work!
Mercury, my son, put on your shappo, quick,
And drop on Carthage city like a streak;
Æneas is there hanging around Dido:
I want to know what he means by it, I do!
Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy,
Or if he don't, I'll larrup him most mightily."
So Hermes put his wing-ed India rubbers on,
And ere you could ejaculate Jack Robinson,
He faced the Trojan, busy as a bee,
Repairing Dido's wash-tub,—and says he,
"Now drop that hammer like a hot potater,
And put your fleet to sea—that's what's the matter!
The fates ordain that you get up a nation
Whose fame and power shall ring through all creation,
And Jove says if you don't obey this message
He'll knock you stiff 'n a bologney sassage.
Draw a bee-line for Latium, and be spry!"
With that he vanished in the sky-blue sky.

A shiver ran through Æneases ossibus
His speechless vox stuck in his chattering fauchbus,
The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig
Like quills upon the fretful porcupig;
He wants to go and then again he doesn't;
"The situation" is indeed unpleasent,
At length he calls his comrades—brave Serestus,
Achates, Porter, Farragut, Lergestus—
And they fly out their gun-boats on the sly,
To nip the sharp blockade of Dido's eye.

But Dido guessed the Trojan stratagem,
And like a fury thus belabored him;
"Oh you perfigerous villain! will you play
This heartless game all unbeknown to me?
Will not our love, will not my given hand,
Will Dido's tears not stay you in my land?
Will you attempt the wintry winds to brave,
And spread your sails upon the treacherous wave,
Where hungry sharks are rollicking and snarling?
Where Cappen Semmes will gobble up my darling?
By this great grief which now my bosom wrings,
By love, and truth, and vows, and all them things,
Proceed, I do abjure you, to relent,
For if you don't I certainly shall faint."

Says Æneas, "I am your most obedient,
But to stay here don't seem to be expedient;
Far may I wander on this earthly ball,
But disremember you I never shall;
But if the court do understand herself,
(And she presume she do,) that little elf,
Ascanius, is foreordained to found
A first-class empire on Italian ground.

"I don't exactly like to *steal* away,
But then again, I've not agreed to stay;
The ghost of my progenitor, Anchises,
Each night beside my troubled couch arises;
The gods command me to get out of this,
And paddle off to find new destinies."

"Oh, monster!" cries the disappointed woman,
"No goddess is thy motheer, nor no *human*,
But thou wast born out of the flinty rock,
And fierce Hyrcanean tigers gave thee suck!
Now, now, great Juno, see this savage creature,
He don't exhibit one redeeming feature!
I found him poor and hungry as a graback,
I dined and wined and toasted him from *way back*,
Got up a supper, led his lousy crew,
And heard his egotistic yarn clear through!
You talk about obeying Jove's decree—
Fiapdoodle! what a pious man you be!
Well! go and leave me, lone and destitute—
I will not argufy with such a brute—
But if the gods are worth a single nickle,
I hope they'll give you an eternal pickle!
And my indignant ghost, when I am dead,
Shall ride your conscience like a pig of lead!"

Completely overcome with pain and passion,
She fainted in the most distingue fashion.
The screaming maidens bear their prostrate queen
Upon a bed with mauve silk counterpane;
These read the hommepathy book, while those
Held a cologne jar to her pallid nose.
When in the morning from the palace towers,
She saw his lessening sails and flashing oars,
She tore her golden locks in ecstacy,
And pounded on her breast tremendously,
"Proh! Jupiter, shall this man get away?
Spread sails! bring firebrands! ah, what do I say?
Why did I not revenge me while he stayed,
I might have found his flint-heart with my blade,
Deaconed his pug-nosed boy while I was able,
And *fricasseed* him for his father's table!
But now I writhe in impotent dismay,
While he goes—(*dam it*)—on his heartless way!"
Her bloodshot eyeballs roll while thus she speaks.
And purple spots suffuse her quivering cheeks;
She mounts with wild impetuosity,
A funeral pile, some forty-four feet high,
Of seasoned kindling-wood, at least ten cords,
And thus pronounces these, her latest words:
"Behold, I go the way of all mankind;
I've done the work by changeless Fate assigned,
I've built a city, seen my finished towers—
O that the Trojan had not touched my shores!"

With these remarks, the deadly dirk she grabs,
And socks herself several powerful jabs.
Forth leaps the boiling life-blood, and the crowd
Their fallen queen survey, with clamors loud:
Loud clamors and loud lamentations rise,
Roar through the city, and assault the skies.
Thrice she supports herself upon her elbow,
And strains her eyes to see her infidel beau—
Thrice does she seek the blazing light of day,
And having found it, groaning, turns away.

Then Juno, pitying her agony,
Sent Iris down, the struggling soul to free.
The dewy Iris, on her saffron wings,
With thousand radiant encolorings,
Shot through the vapors, with immortal speed,
And stood above the death-devoted head:
"This lock to Pluto's realms I bear away,
And now release thee from this ruined clay."
So saying, she cut the lock of golden hair,
And life departed on the sightless air.

—*Winstead Herald.*

☞ If a man wills you a farm, it is his duty to die without delay; for what right has he, as a Christian, to debar you from the *promised land?*

Taken by the Brigands.

I.

We were returning to Lecce, in the heel of Italy, from the baths of St. Caterina, in the Romagna, where we had been to seek health and pleasure at its life-restoring waters. On landing from the steamboat at Brindisi, we were told that we must not think of proceeding on our journey at present, as the brigands were in full force in a wood close to the road along which we must pass to reach our homes.

We were, of course, all anxious to get home, and began to think about ways and means to defy the brigands, so as to achieve our end. Our carriages had been ordered to meet us at Brindisi, but the prefect had been obliged to take them to send forward some soldiers to St. Pietro Vernotico; therefore there was no alternative but to wait. Our party would consist of three carriages, beside those which would carry the baggage; and we hoped that, hearing there were soldiers about, these men would retire into their caverns, and that we should be able to pass in safety. Another motive for especial care was that in the carriages, or carrettes, would be deposited eighty barrels of the new copper money for the Neapolitan States, which would be a great temptation to the brigands should they get knowledge of it in any way, as was not altogether unlikely, for almost all the coachmen and postillions of the diligences are spies in their interest. We found, however, that the money would be with a second company, and would be attended by fifty soldiers and a troop of National Guards. At length, all things having been arranged, and having heard that the Casino Teodorani had been burned, with all the people in it, we thought there was more hope that the road would, for a time at any rate, be free. So we mounted to our places in the carriages, ill concealing our anxiety, and set out on our journey.

Our road lay through a beautiful and luxuriant country, which to many of us was new; and the sweet soft air and brilliant sunshine had its effect upon us, for we became calmer, as who does not when in commune with nature? Besides, we felt that each mile brought us nearer to our homes.

But, alas! our calmness was of short duration. At each town we were advised, "Guardati dai briganti." (Take care of the brigands,) and, with the usual love of the marvellous and dreadful, were told of some fearful cruelties done by these "galantuomini." But now we must proceed, whether or no, unless we were to turn back; so, with trembling hearts, but brave faces, we prepared ourselves for the worst.

I would not believe in the danger. My husband was an invalid and half blind, and, being impatient to get him home, I persuaded the coachman to improve his pace, so that our party was soon a good step in advance of the other carriages. Presently we lost sight of them, and also of our escort. We afterwards found that they were detained by an accident to one of the wheels of the carriage which contained the money.

We proceeded on our way, and were about seventeen miles from Lecce, when, on nearing a part of the road skirted by a dense wood, a confused sound of voices met our ears; and lo, in one moment, we were surrounded by a number of these most dreaded brigands! Horror took possession of us: some of the women shrieked, and the men commenced praying to their patron saints. Of the whole of our company, there was only one who had any kind of arms, which were deemed unnecessary, as the soldiers and National Guards who accompanied the convoy, and from whom we had so unwisely separated ourselves, were considered enough for our safety. Indeed, our company consisted chiefly of women and children; so that our dismay may be better imagined than expressed. The brigands advanced to the carriages, and, opening the doors, desired us all to alight, assisting the ladies. To those who drew back in fear, a loud "Obbeditimi" (Obey me) was sufficient to gain a speedy compliance, in the hope of being better treated.

The "Capo Brigante" (head brigand) had made his bow at the door of the carriage in which my husband and myself were seated; and, feeling that I was in a great measure, through my impatience to get forward, the cause of our present trying position, I determined to put the best face on it; for my husband's painful blindness prevented him from acting. Therefore, when the brigand desired me to alight, I gave him my hand, which he detained, and, telling me not to fear, led me forward into the wood, my husband following as close as he dare, while the rest, with their captors, brought up the rear.

Our hearts beat with a terrible apprehension as we saw ourselves thus surrounded by fierce-looking bandits, each of whom was armed, as we say, to the teeth. It was verily a pitiable scene to see mothers holding their children to their breasts, husbands clasping the hands of their wives, with the fierce determination of despair to protect their dear ones to the last, whilst the upturned eyes and quickly-moving lips told of the prayer breathed to Almighty God for help in this hour of need.

We all looked at each other, not knowing what to expect next. It was nothing to us that the place was of the most romantic beauty; that the mountain side was dotted in the distance with vine-covered cottages; that under our feet, on the moss-like grass, grew the most charming flowers: we could not note these things then, although we remembered them afterwards.

The brigand, still holding my hand, looked at me with the bold, impudent stare of conscious power, and, leading me to a sort of rude seat, desired me to be seated. My husband was all this time keeping as near to me as he possibly could, and to reassure him I affected a bravery I was far from feeling, whilst I said to him in English,* "Do not fear for me, dear Eduardo: I do not think he will do us any harm; he looks something of a gentleman," little thinking of what great use those words would prove to us. My surprise you may imagine when the brigand answered me, in very good English, "Yes, Signorina Inglesina; all depends on your obedience to my orders. I have this" (taking a pistol from his belt) "with which I silence all who do not obey me." My poor heart stood still; for he had approached the pistol so close to my temples that the least shudder of mine, as it seemed, might have blown my brains out. I however turned round, and, with all the coolness I could command, told him that I had every confidence in his good feeling, as I was quite sure that he did not make war against women and children; and I ended by complimenting him on the way in which he spoke English.

"You are a brave girl," said he; "and, after I have given some orders to my men, I will return and wait upon you myself; but, *guai!* if you try to get away from me, or fail to obey the orders I give to you!——"

He proceeded to join his companions, with whom he remained some time in conversation; they not agreeing with him as to how we were to be treated, as was very evident from the dark looks which the men turned to our party. In the meantime I was endeavoring to recover as much as possible my spirits, and thus reassure my husband, whose apprehensions were all made worse inasmuch as he could see very little of what was going on. I did not dare to move from the place where the brigand had left me, but I drew the attention of my husband by making that very peculiar sound of the lips which I had learned on the mountains, which Italians use to discover their whereabouts to their companions. He heard me, and approached me as near as he dare, for me to speak to him. "What are they going to do with us, my wife?" said my husband; "oh that my eyes could serve me! I would not remain thus quiet." "I do not know," I answered; "but, if you will keep up your courage, I think, with a little *finesse*, all will be well." He seemed to gain hope from the tone in which I spoke; for all his fear was for me, aggravated by his utter inability to help me, and his anguish, unspoken at the time, that the brigand meant to keep me with him in the mountains, his prisoner. Thank God, no such thought as that entered my head, and other thoughts alike distressing were kept in abeyance by a murmured prayer which ever and anon came from my heart, though unspoken by my lips.

My companions were in a state of fear and suffering which it were useless for me to attempt to describe. They were divided into groups, each watched over by armed brigands, and fearing to move in case of offending their fierce-looking sentinels. The head brigand was going from one group to another giving his orders. For what? that was our anxious question. Our fears were not lessened when we found that they were making their usual demand; namely, for all the money and valuables the travellers possessed. We thought the next thing would be torture and death; whereas, if we had reflected—as was hardly to be expected—we might have been sure that, had the brigands intended to kill us, they could have robbed us afterwards. The Capo had his fingers already covered with costly rings; among them I perceived the beautiful amethyst of which these very brigands had robbed Padre Giovanni, Garibaldi's chaplain, when they took him prisoner; though, to their honor be it spoken, they treated him—with one exception of the ring—with the greatest courtesy. These brigands carried, like most of their brethren, an image of a Madonna in their tall felt hats. The Madonna del Carmini seemed to be their patroness, for each one had a cameo of her in his hat. The Capo now again approached me, and, taking me by the hand, told me that the food was ready, and that I must eat with him, as macaroni was served. My nerves were by this time in such a state of excitement that a kind of desperation seemed to take possession of me, inspiring me with a certain bravery which gained me the greatest admiration from my brigand host. He led me to what in England we should call a sort of arbor in a garden, and seated me at the top of a rude table, calling me "La Regina della festa." The repast consisted of macaroni, cheese, and grapes, which latter grew in beautiful luxuriance over our heads, and wine of the purest vintage.

In Naples the custom among the peasantry is, that when the huge *casserole* containing the "meranda" (breakfast) is placed upon the table, each person helps him or herself with their hands; and now I was expected to do the same.

But this to me seemed an utter impossibility, because the hands which dipped in the dish were none of the cleanest; I therefore said I was not hungry.

"Obbeditime" (Obey me): "magna" (eat); and the fierce eyes repeated the command.

I obeyed, taking with my hand some of the oily, disagreeable mess, and putting it to my mouth; but I contrived that my pocket-handkerchief should receive the better part of that which I took.

But another terrible fear took possession of me—that of being poisoned; for, under the pretence, as I thought, that the first mess of macaroni was insufficient, another one was ordered for us; hence arose my suspicions. My husband suffered very much to see me thus, as it were, taken possession of by the Capo; and it was very trying to me to see him straining his eyes to discover how I was being treated; for he dared not approach to where I was sitting, but was obliged to remain quiet in his place, which was almost too much for the philosophy of an Italian.

Our repast over, the brigand led me to a seat on the root of an old tree, and, bidding me sit still until he should return, he went to the opening of the cavern, calling out to his companions, "Portate qui il piu buon vino che avete per la Signorina Inglese" (Bring the best wine that you have for the English lady.) All this time my fellow-travellers were sitting in groups, not knowing what was to come next, endeavoring to gain a glimpse down the alley of trees to see if there were any signs of the other convoy, but not daring to make a sign of any kind to each other; for all the men who guarded them were fully armed, and we felt that the least rebellion on our part might be the signal for our death.

II.

Something like a fear that we had friends in the expected convoy no doubt had its effect on the brigands. They do not like the look of soldiers, and they must have known that the carriage containing the new coinage for the Neapolitan States would be well guarded. We were quite sure that they were well aware, by some means or other, that this money was on its way to the prefecture; and in the first instance they had doubtless imagined ours to be the vehicle. We were now all desired to come into the cavern, and we directly obeyed. I cannot tell why, but from this time I felt sure that our lives were safe; but my husband did not share my feeling, and this was not to be wondered at, weakened as he was by recent illness and nearly blind. Seeing how deep was his distress, I asked my gaoler to allow me to go over to him and speak to him.

"He is nearly blind," said I, "and he has been very ill, and I am all he has."

"No!" thundered the unfeeling fellow: "if you attempt to leave my side, you are a dead woman," at the same time drawing the pistol again from his belt. All my lately-acquired courage well-nigh forsook me, and the first tears I had shed flowed from my eyes; but they did me good, and I soon recovered myself.

The cavern into which the brigand now conducted me was large, and furnished with a good bed in one corner, by the side of which was the image of the Madonna, with a light burning. Two or three very uneasy chairs were round about a rough-hewn table in the midst, and all around, partly concealed by natural fissures in the rock-like earth, were huge boxes and barrels, doubtless filled with the goods of which many travellers had been robbed. Seated at the top of this rude table by the brigand, who placed himself by my side, my real troubles were now about to commence.

"You must drink, signorina," said he, "and then you must sing for me."

Sing! when every nerve of me was trembling, when I could see my husband, his head bowed over his hands, and the big tears of helpless sorrow pouring through his fingers! it seemed impossible. I assured him, and with truth, that I could not sing; neither could I at that time. I saw his fierce eyes, I may say, glaring at me for refusing, and I said—

"Signore Capitano, I cannot drink, and I cannot sing, because I am not well. Do not keep us here away from our families and our homes. You have all we can give you: permit us to proceed on our way, I entreat you," clasping my hands; and with the thought of our situation I lost my calmness, and, with a high voice and look far from amiable, I said again—for my patience was quite exhausted—"I will neither drink nor will I sing at the command of a brigand!"

I soon had cause to repent my temerity. Rising from his seat at my side, he took hold of me, and, pressing me with brutal force on to my knees, he held my clasped hands with one of his, and, drawing a revolver from his belt, and putting it near to my heart, he said—

"Obbedii mi; se no, con questo io voglio stendervi al suolo, corpo inanimato!"

All became dark before my eyes; but I did not faint, and I remember to have had a wish to tell the man that I would do what he wished; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a dreary wish for my mother, from whom I had been of course much separated since my marriage, came over me; but I recovered myself, and, with a great cry, my mind seemed to revive to a sense of my fearful position. Whether the brigand thought I was dying or not I do not know; but he let go my hands, and I then, clasping them together, cried out in the words I had often heard my husband say when in trouble, "Oh, Madonna del Carmini! oh, misericordia!" when, lo, in one moment I was raised from my kneeling position, the revolver was replaced in his belt and the brigand was on one knee at my feet! The change from great peril to safety, from death to life, was so sudden that I was dazed, and I was awoke to my full senses by my husband running to me as if to take me to his heart, when he was rudely pushed away by the brigand, and told to go to his seat like a schoolboy.

The brigand, as I said, knelt on one knee at my feet, and, taking up a glass of wine, presented it to my lips.

"Why did you not tell me you also worshipped our Lady del Carmini?" pointing to the beautiful cameo on his tall felt hat: "you would have saved yourself much pain. But drink," said he, "drink, and I too will drink with you."

I felt very little inclined to the wine, for fear it was drugged, and I suppose my face said as much; for my husband, who was still within hearing, said by signs on his fingers, "Drink, Lavinia, for my sake." My trembling hands could scarcely hold the glass to my lips, but I drank, and the wine revived me, and did me good. This seemed to please the brigand much, and he again said, "Why did you not call on her?" pointing to the Madonna on his hat, and most devoutly crossing himself. This man, who five minutes before would have shed my blood without a tremor of the hand, was now serving me on his knees. I felt more composed. But the terrors of those moments can never be described; for, added to my own fear of a violent death, when the revolver was pointed at me, I saw my husband struggling with one of the brigands in his vain endeavors to get to me, under some insane idea of being able to rescue me. I say that my sufferings may not be told, but must be left to the sensitive reader. Even now, in the night, when I wake and all is silence around me, the whole scene is reacted in my mind, until a cold chill comes over me, and I drive the fearful vision away. The shock which my husband received he never recovered; for, added to other ills, it made me a widow.

The brigand now asked me if I was sufficiently recovered to sing for him. I had learned wisdom. I therefore told him I was ready to try to amuse him; and, knowing the sort of *furore* that all the Neapolitans feel for the famous song "Tipeti tupeti tapee," I commenced singing, and finished it amid the *vivas* and plaudits of every one of the brigands.

"The signorina must drink a glass of wine, and must give a *brindisi*," (a toast,) said the Capo.

I thought a moment, and, anxious to show him that I was not afraid, I took the wine, and, amidst a deep silence, said—

"Bevo alla salute della nostri onesti e valorosi gioventa Italiani" (I drink to the health of our brave and honest Italian youths.)

"Viva, viva la signorina Inglese!" said all; and I was obliged after much hesitation on my part, saying I was too fatigued, to sing again. And I cannot give you a greater proof of the esteem with which Garibaldi is held, even by these brigands, than the fact that, when I sang "Camiccia rossa," (The Red Shirt,) they made the old cavern echo with their plaudits. I thought by this time that I had done enough, and, worn out as I was by the different scenes of the last few hours, I very respectfully submitted to the Capo that we should be allowed to depart; but he insisted that I should sing an English song. I therefore sang the English words to an air from "I Puritani," in which he joined, his fine tenor voice giving great beauty to the music, which, in other scenes and in another situation, would have been a real treat.

At last my singing was finished—Italian, French, English: I had sung in them all, and I began to feel the effects of the excitement through which I had passed.

"E adesso cosa vuol la mia regina della Festa," said the brigand.

I asked him if he would allow me to say what I wished. "Si, signora; adesso sono io le suo servo."

"Bene," said I. "Now that I have done all that you wished me, I pray you to allow us to go in peace."

"You have not yet given me a keepsake," said he, taking my hand and looking at my rings; for I was unlucky enough to have on some of value. He took from off my finger my mother's parting gift, saying I was the bravest girl he had ever seen, and that the persons who were with me might thank me for going away as they did. My ring was put next to the beautiful amethyst of which this same brigand had robbed Father John, Garibaldi's chaplain, when he was detained by them some two years before. I waited anxiously for the mandate to prepare to resume our route—for the evening would be coming on, and I was anxious for home and safety—when the brigand came up to me, and, taking me in his arms, embraced me most vehemently, telling me that I had amused him more than ever he was before; and, pointing to my husband and the others, he said,

"Had it not been for you, they would now be lying there with the rest," pointing to a place where there had been a fire, and, as I afterwards knew, where they had burnt alive five unfortunate travellers!

He now called to his men to know if the vehicles were ready, and, finding they were, he told my fellow-travellers to seat themselves, detaining me until the last.

When all were ready, and my husband seated, the Capo, who had never allowed me to be five minutes without him, now took my hand to assist me into my seat. How my heart beat with thankfulness for our marvellous deliverance! At length I was seated by my husband's side, and the carriage-door shut upon us. "A rivederci, signorina: datemi la mano." (*Au revoir*, madam: shake hands with me.) I thought myself quite safe; and, not able to help giving him a little of my mind, I said, "No, signore capitano; addio, non a rivederci; e per la mia mano, questo e le prima volta, e deve essere l'ultima volta che io te vedo, ma non veglio mai dar la mia mano a un brigante." (No, sir captain; *good-bye*, not *au revoir*; and, for shaking hands, this is the first time, and it is the last, I hope, that I shall see you, and I will not give my hand to a brigand.) I had no sooner said the words than I deeply regretted my temerity; for, with an exclamation of rage, he pulled open the carriage-door, and commenced dragging me with no gentle force out of the carriage. My husband exclaimed, "Oh! *signore capitano*, forgive her, I pray you!" But he was not so easily to be appeased. He pulled me out of the carriage, and for the second time I was made to go down on my knees and beg his pardon, at the same time giving him my hand; and then, taking a gold Napoleon out of his pocket, with a hole in it, he gave it me, telling me to wear it in memory of him.

I promised everything, feeling sure that something else would happen if we did not get away, and, with a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God for His signal mercy in thus saving us, as it were, out of the lion's mouth, we gladly proceeded on our journey. On passing through the next town, we met five unfortunate men whose ears had all been cut off close to their heads. To them I gave the gold Napoleon, and very thankful they were to receive it.

*The writer is an Englishwoman, and the husband an Italian.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away from the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheek so thin—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair,
She was so fragile that Love sent down
From his heavenly gems that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow?

Rose-bud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now on a world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by Love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band
Over the starry way.

Wildflowers.

And then I love the field flowers too,
Because they are a blessing given,
E'en to the poorest little one
That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven.
The garden flowers are reared for few,
And to that few belong alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream
Each one may claim them for his own.

Wildflowers are the flowers of childhood, the fairy gems that strew our path in early youth, are the wild blossoms of our native woods and heaths, and the admiration they won from me in my younger days has not lessened one single iota. I can well understand, though, how people who love flowers dislike, as they grow older, the idea of shortening their brief lives by gathering them. I love to see them growing, I like to fill my garden with them, but *cut* flowers have little charm for me now.

Walter S. Landor beautifully expresses this sentiment in one of his poems, when he says:

They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis, and ever was, my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
Whene'er their genius bids their soul depart
Among their kindred in their native place.

And I know of one noble lady who possesses the most intense love of flowers—whose magnificent gardens are filled with the choicest plants—but who will never permit a cut blossom to appear on her dinner-table, or in her drawing-rooms. "Dear, beautiful, lovely little things; I will not allow their brief lives to be shortened," she often exclaims when tenderly looking at her floral pets.

☞ At a fancy dress ball in Paris the great success of the evening was a quadrille, in which the gentleman were dressed as leopards and the ladies as gazelles.

THE FUNERAL PILE.

The rain was blowing in quick white gusts;
With yellow leaves the air was darkling;
The storm was moaning of death and graves;
No moon dared shine, no star was sparkling.

The elms were roaring around the house
With a frantic grief and a wild despair;
The wind gave a warning Banshee wail
From the beggared wood that was all but bare.

Then I opened the casket once so dear,
And took out the letters I'd kissed so oft;
The paper was still by the rose-leaf tinged;
Its breath was like hers—so sweet and so soft.

Slowly as one at a sacrifice,
With face averted, I fed the flame;
Ruthless and cruel, the serpent tongues,
Swift and eager and leaping came.

Hopes and joys, they were dreams and air!
I sat down sad by my funeral pile,
And heard the roar of the ruthless fire,
And "God forgive her!" I moaned the while.

There was a blaze, and of crimson glare,
A wavering pyramid tall and keen;
Then there came a waft of smouldering smoke,
That rose in a circling vapory screen.

Meleager's fagot—so went my life,
Spring and summer, and autumn too;
Its daybreak promise, its riper thoughts,
Its tears of sorrow, its sunshine dew.

I sat like a mourner beside the pile:
All I had loved had passed away;
Nothing for me but to hope for flowers
To bloom and gladden my burial clay.

There lay my life—a crinkling heap
Of curling ashes that fell to nought,
A glitter of one or two passing sparks—
That was all that my love had brought.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

He who stands upon the mountain top, commands a view a thousand times greater than he who plods along in the valley; and we, who are far above the actors playing their parts in our drama of life, have the power of looking over and beyond their limited vision, and seeing the whole as they see a portion.

While, therefore, the despairing lover is groaning along in the deep Valley of Gloom—groping forward even blindly—unconscious whither his steps are tending—we rejoice to see he is steadily advancing toward the goal he would willingly give his life to reach.

Isaline Holcombe had indeed been borne away by the Phantom of the Forest—carried off in a state of utter unconsciousness—and since then many days and nights had passed, through which she had lived as in a wild and troubled dream—a dream in which she appeared to be revolving in darkness, and now and then being thrown up from some abyss to a strange, fantastic glimmer of light, only to be suddenly hurled back again to a seemingly deeper depth of gloom and night.

The long series of fatigues, excitements, anxieties, sufferings, perils and terrors to which she had been subjected—the long, fearful strain upon her delicate nerves and fine mental faculties—had at last proved too much for an organism as sweetly attuned as the Æolian harp; and when she had finally, overpowered with horror, sunk swooning at the feet of the dread Unknown of the Forest, there was then no longer sufficient vitality to restore the mental powers to their natural state, and fever and delirium had followed. Long days and nights had passed since then, of which she had no consciousness, except the wild, fever-dream.

And where was she all this time?

In a cave, among the rocks of the cliff over which she had fallen, and scarcely more than a hundred yards from the fatal spot where Methoto's bones still lay bleaching.

Oh! if Henry had but known, while groaning forth his despair, that she was living and within the reach of his voice!

And how came she to be there in the cave?

She had been borne thither by the Phantom of the Forest.

And who had been with her since?

The Phantom of the Forest.

And what was this dread Phantom of the Forest?

Ah! now we come to the unravelling of the mystery!

When the wasting fever had spent its force, and consciousness had once more returned to Isaline, she found herself, weak and emaciated, lying upon a bed of leaves and grass, in some dim, gloomy place, surrounded by rocks. She was barely able to lift her head, and she looked up and around in wonder and fear. No living thing was apparently near her.

"Where am I?" she murmured; "and how came I here?"

Almost as she spoke the words, and as if in response to her question, the narrow passageway, leading outward to the world of light, was darkened by some moving object, and immediately after the strange and startling figure of the Phantom of the Forest stood before her.

The sight of this Apparition recalled the memory of Isaline so suddenly and clearly, that the wonder is, under the circumstances, it did not prove fatal. She instantly remembered how and where she had looked upon this dread Mystery before, and for a few moments her breath ceased, her heart appeared to stand still, and her eyes glared. She felt she was in the power of this fearful Something, and was far from certain to which world she now belonged. Then came the thought, like a light from Heaven:

"What is life to me now that I should fear? or death that I should cower before the demons of God's creation? One Great Being made all that live, and His power is over all!"

Then summoning all her will and strength and nerve, she raised her head, and fixing her eyes upon the eyes of the strange object, that had now advanced to her side, she said, with deep solemnity:

"In the name of God, what are you?"

For a few moments the fearful object stood passively and silently by her side; and then, what proved to be a hairy mask, (but which, in the gloom of night, when seen before, appeared to be another head,) was quietly lifted off and put aside, and a bright, girlish face bent over her, and a soft, melodious voice said, gently:

"Sweet sister, have you come back to me?"

"Merciful God!" gasped Isaline; "what does all this mystery mean?"

"For they murdered you, sweet sister," pursued the strange being, "and I have been sorrowing so long!"

"Who are you, poor girl?" queried Isaline, beginning to comprehend something of the truth.

"I have had such a long, horrid dream, sweet sister!" continued the strange creature, without heeding the question; "and I am so glad you have come back to wake me! You have been in the land of spirits, I know, for I have seen you so often there; they murdered and sent you there; but you have come back to me now, and woke me from my horrid, horrid dream, and now we will part no more. Our dear mamma—is she well? I do not often see her. She did not come with you, I think?"

"Poor girl! God help her! she has lost her reason!" murmured Isaline. "And this, after all, is the fearful Phantom of the Forest, that has frightened so many brave but superstitious men!"

"We will not part again, sweet sister, will we?" said the poor lunatic, with a fond look.

"No, you shall go with me, poor girl, when I go away from here!" answered Isaline, in a gentle tone, resolved to humor the other's fancy, whatever it might be. "What is your name?"

"Don't you know?"

"I cannot speak it at this moment; you know we have been long away from each other!"

"Oh, yes—so long! so long!" sighed the other.

"But you have not told me your name!"

"Mary. And you are my sweet sister, Ellen, you know!"

"Oh, yes—I understand you now, Mary!" said Isaline. "But tell me where I am now? and how I came here?"

"I brought you here—I was afraid I should lose you."

"Where did you find me?"

"Among the wolves, I think. You came down among the wolves, didn't you, sweet sister?"

"Oh, yes, I remember—the horrid wolves were all around me."

"Why did you stay with such beasts?" asked Mary.

"I was trying to get away from them!" answered Isaline.

"Yes, I came and drove them away."

"How far are we now from the place where you found me?"

Mary did not seem to comprehend this question, and Isaline repeated it. She received no answer, however. The poor lunatic stared vacantly, for a minute or so, and then asked abruptly:

"What creature was that with you in the water?"

"That was a man who had been carrying me off. What became of him?"

"I think he rode away on a whirlwind!" said Mary. "But why have you not talked to me before as you do now, sweet sister?"

"Have I not?"

"And you would not eat anything! Do you never eat where you have been, sweet sister? I brought you meat and corn and berries, but you would not eat."

"I have been ill, I suppose," said Isaline, "and I feel very weak and faint now. Where am I?"

"But you drank—oh, you were so thirsty! and I brought you water, water, water, in that little cup, made of leaves. There it is by your side—I made it. And you wouldn't get up after I put you down, and so I made you that nice bed. Isn't it a nice bed, sweet sister? And there you have been so long—so long—so many days and nights!"

"Days and nights?" repeated Isaline, wonderingly.

She was disposed to doubt the correctness of this statement, thinking it might be, like much of the rest which the poor girl said, an insane fancy; but, when she cast her eyes on her thin, wasted hands and arms, she feared it might be true. Where was she? and how would she ever get away? She could not long live there, she was too weak to stand, and the little exertion she had already made in speaking had quite exhausted her. She thought of Henry, who had been carried off to meet a cruel doom, and a keen pang pierced her heart.

"Oh God," she groaned, "have mercy on me and take me to Thyself!"

Soon after this she felt a heavy drowsiness stealing over her, and, yielding to it, she fell into a gentle sleep.

Fortunately the returning light of reason was beginning to dawn upon the long darkened mind of the poor maniac, and she was now beginning to comprehend something, but could not pursue a consecutive train of thought. Since the dreadful event which had driven her forth, a wild and unconscious wanderer through the wilderness, she had never spoken a rational word to any human being till she had met Isaline; but had roamed up and down the wild forest, sometimes in the day and sometimes in the night, with just enough of instinct to clothe herself in skins and provide herself with food, ever and anon shrieking out her terrible woe. Her history, what is known of it, may be briefly told.

About three years before the date of our story, a gentleman, named Mervine—who had once been blessed with a competence, but, through a series of misfortunes, had become reduced to comparative poverty—removed his family to the wilds of Kentucky, and there sought to make a new home. The struggle was a short one. He fell sick and died, leaving a widow and two twin daughters, Mary and Ellen, and a blind negro boy, (who had been brought up in the family and taken along with them as an act of charity,) to mourn his loss. In less than a year after the death of the husband and father, three Indians and a white man one night attacked the widow's dwelling, burst in the door, and murdered all except Mary, who, escaping through a back window, fled shrieking to the forest. These savages were the Indian father and brothers of Methoto, and he was the white man alluded to; and it will be remembered he gave an account of this very tragedy, in reply to the questions of Henry, on the night that he and Isaline lodged under his roof on the bank of the Licking. And what may seem strange and curious, as showing the mysterious workings of Providence, Methoto owed his death to the very girl whose mother and sister he had helped to murder—for it was her wild shriek that had so startled him and his beast and led to the fall over the cliff; and subsequently, by parrying the thrust he made at her with his knife, that weapon had, it may be said by her hand, been driven into his bowels, inflicting a mortal wound. Thus had fearful retribution come upon him from the right source of justice.

How poor Mary had lived in the forest for so long a period, through summer's heat and winter's cold, clothing and feeding and protecting herself from wild beasts, must in the main be left to conjecture. It is known that, shortly after the tragedy which turned her poor brain, she had so frightened a couple of hunters that they had fled, leaving a pack of skins behind them, and it is supposed she had carried these off and used them afterward as she required in her own singular way. With the sinews of deer she had fastened these skins so closely around her body and limbs and hands that, with a mask of the same over her head and face, her appearance, when seen in a dim, uncertain light, as Isaline had beheld her, was rather that of some hideous animal than a human being; and when merely glanced at by the superstitious borderers, their excited fancies had changed her into an apparition of terrible form. It is supposed that a sort of glimmering of reason, or instinct, such as most maniacs possess, had led her to protect herself from the wild beasts of the forest by lodging in the branches of trees; and thus it had happened, on several occasions, that her shriek had sounded high in air, and she had suddenly appeared in a manner calculated to increase the fears of the superstitious, who had readily accorded her the form and power of something from the world of spirits. And this was the whole of the mystery, which appears simple enough when explained by natural causes, as all mysteries generally do.

For that matter everything is a mystery, from the mighty worlds that swing and roll in space, down to the animated creatures that exist beyond the reach of human vision, though a familiarity with the manifestations of God's thought leads us to regard them with indifference. We cannot explain anything, not even the simplest, except by attributing it to the result of the harmonious working of the law of the Great First Cause, which is itself a still greater Mystery. We know not why we are here ourselves—a wonderful thinking and acting manifestation—how we came here—how we take on life or lose it! The most we can know is, that certain effects result from certain causes; and all the learning and wisdom of man give him not even the faintest glimmer of conception of cause. Two simple little words, *It Is*, sum up the whole knowledge of mankind in this respect, and the clown and the *savant* alike stand confessed in ignorance before the great, dark vail which shuts in the wonderful Mysteries of Jehovah.

Mary Mervine had a pretty face and figure, and so much resembled Isaline that they might have been taken for sisters; and this perhaps was the reason why the poor lunatic believed her to be her sister; and as the murdered girl, being a twin, had probably resembled the living one very closely, and as Methoto had been so attracted to the one he saw dead as to renounce his Indian life, it may be this resemblance had something to do with the wild, rude passion he had felt for Isaline. Mary naturally had a sweet and gentle disposition; and having, as she believed, recovered the dear sister she had so fearfully mourned, she was now in a fair way to regain her reason also. As we have shown, she could partially comprehend what was said to her, though her mental perception was a good deal mixed up with the strange, wild fancies of a disordered brain.

While Isaline slept, therefore, she sat quietly by her side, and watched her with the gentle fondness of a mother overlooking the slumbers of her tender offspring; and when Isaline again opened her eyes and looked curiously around, Mary smiled, and said very sweetly:

"I am so glad I see your dear bright eyes again!"

"Mary," said Isaline, with an anxious look, "do you know where we are?"

"Oh, yes—we are here together, sweet sister!"

"But we must get away from here, and go where there are others!"

"Who are they!"

"We must go to some station. Do you not know of any near this place?"

"We must not let the wicked Indians catch us!" returned Mary, with a shudder.

"Oh, no—Heaven knows I do not wish to be in their power again!" rejoined Isaline. "Here, give me your hand, and I will see if I can get upon my feet and stand."

Assisted by Mary, Isaline succeeded, after a great effort, in rising to her feet; and then she saw how utterly incapable she was of performing a long journey through the forest—an unknown journey at that.

"Oh, what will become of me?" she groaned: "I am too weak to go away, and I shall certainly perish here!"

"Oh, no, not again!" cried poor Mary. "You have died once, you know, sweet sister—murdered you were by the cruel Indians—and if you were to die again and leave me, I believe I should go mad!"

"Oh, this will drive me mad!" thought Isaline; "to remain here, in this wretched condition, along with a poor girl who has lost her reason! And then how can I live? I must have food! and where am I to get it? at least such as my weak system can bear?"

"Mary," she said to the poor girl, "have you anything that I can eat?"

Mary ran to a little hollow among the rocks, which she called her pantry, and brought forth a few berries and some corn.

"I did have meat," she said, "but you would not touch it, and so I ate it to keep it from spoiling."

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"Oh, the good angels brought it to me, as they often do. I dream sometimes of being very hungry, and think I am going to starve, and then somebody comes and whispers in my ear where I can get food, and I go and find it."

"And how do you manage to cook it?"

"I always eat it as they send it, sweet sister."

"I fear these berries and this corn would do me more harm than good, Mary!" said Isaline. "If I only had some broth!"

"Broth? yes!" said Mary, brightening; "that was what we made for poor dear papa when he was so sick."

"But we have no meat to make it of, and no way to cook it if we had!" said Isaline, despairingly. "Oh, what will become of me? what what will become of me? Mary, do you know where we are?"

"Why, here!" returned the other, simply.

"What place is this?"

"Your home, sweet sister: you know we live here together now!"

"But is there no fort or station near us? no place where we can find human beings like ourselves?"

"I thought we were angels!" replied Mary, staring.

"Oh, it is enough to drive me mad!" groaned Isaline. "Here, lend me your arm to lean on, and I will try and see if I can leave this place, for surely I shall die here!"

With the assistance of the poor maniac, Isaline managed to walk a few steps.

"Oh, I am too weak!" she groaned; "and it is folly to strive against fate! Take me back to my rude bed, and let me die here!"

"Oh, no, you must not die again!" cried Mary, in alarm.

"There is only one thing that can save my life, my poor girl!" sighed Isaline, as she once more laid herself down on her rude couch.

"What is that?" asked Mary.

"You must go and find somebody to come to my assistance."

Mary looked sad and troubled, and wrung her hands.

"Won't the angels do?" she asked.

"No, the angels will not do in this case, Mary—I must have human assistance."

"Is it Henry you want?" asked Mary.

"Henry?" cried Isaline, in startled surprise; "what do you know of Henry?"

"You have been talking of Henry for so long, and would not call me Mary once!"

"Ah! that is all then!" groaned Isaline, her sudden hope as suddenly overthrown. "God help me!"

"I wish I could think right!" pursued Mary, with a perplexed and troubled look. "I have had so many dark dreams, that I don't know how to think. Are you sick?" she inquired, with great tenderness.

"Yes!" answered Isaline, mechanically, feeling it was no longer any use to continue a conversation with one who could not comprehend what she required.

"Our dear papa was sick, you know, and he died!"

"Yes!" replied Isaline.

"But you and dear mamma were murdered by the Indians?"

"Yes!" assented Isaline.

"I will go for a doctor—shall I?"

"Yes!" said Isaline, feeling a heavy drowsiness coming over her again, and now desiring only to be left in peaceful quiet.

She was conscious that Mary arose and moved away, and then she fell into a pleasant slumber.

Suddenly she was awakened and startled by the report of a rifle, followed by a wild shriek, not unlike that she had heard so many times before; and, a minute after, poor Mary, with the mask on her face, came flying into the little cave from without. She ran up to Isaline and crouched down in terror, and our heroine saw with alarm that she was partially covered with blood, which was still flowing freely from a wound in her arm.

"In Heaven's name, what is it? what has happened?" cried Isaline.

"Oh, don't speak! don't stir!" gasped Mary, in a wild, startled whisper, "for the cruel Indians are coming to murder us both!"

"Indians?" returned Isaline, with a shudder.

"Well," she added, a moment after, quite calmly, "let them come: as well die one way as another!"

Presently she heard voices, and held her breath to listen. At first she could not distinguish the words, and then her very soul was thrilled with a wild joy and hope.

"What's the use?" said the unmistakable voice of Rough Tom Sturgess. "I tell you, younker, you mought as well shoot at chain lightning! fur no bullet won't do no good thar! and ef you goes in, you'll never come out alive, 'cept you does it in a blaze of brimstone! Wagh!"

Then there was another voice in reply, and poor Isaline felt as if her soul was leaving her in a wild transport of joy.

"What is life to me now, Tom," said the other voice, "that I should fear to risk it here or elsewhere? I will solve this mystery now, or die in the attempt!"

For a few moments Isaline struggled to speak, and then she fairly shrieked forth:

"Henry! dear, dear Henry!"

"Gracious God!" was the wild response.

Then there was a rush of steps through the passage-way, and the next moment Henry Colburn stood in the presence of Isaline Holcombe.

Heaven had been merciful, and the lovers had met beyond the hour of peril.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ Back numbers can be supplied containing the whole story.

TO-MORROW.

Life is never dark and cheerless,
If with spirit brave and fearless
We acknowledge all is best,
And to God will leave the rest,
To be writ as He ordains,
Though it brings no worldly gains:
Storms and darkness are but brief,
Turn the page—upon the leaf
Golden sunshine for thee gleams,
Then cast off thy foolish dreams;
Be thy portion small or great,
Humbly take thy meted fate.
Let no day-dreams of to-morrow
Bear a tinge of doubt or sorrow;
But as every page you see
Thank your God on bended knee;
Thank Him for the blessings all
That around thee daily fall.
He who careth for the sparrow
Will take care of thy to-morrow.

BOARDING SCHOOL EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—An honest farmer in the county of Essex married a miss from a fashionable boarding-school for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her eloquence, and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning. "You might," said he, "bore a hole through the solid earth, and fling in a millstone, and she'll tell you to a shavin' how long the stone will be goin' clean through. I used for to think that it was air that I sucked in every time that I *expired*; howsomedever, she *telled* me that she *knowed* better—she telled me that I had been sucking in two kinds of *gin*—ox gin and nitre gin! My stars! I'm a temperance man, and yet have been drinking ox gin and nitre gin all my life."

The Inherent Wickedness of Shirts.

A long time ago, I undertook the supervision of a set of shirts, including, of course, the wearer. It was the height of my young ambition that the man should be exactly fitted by his shirts, concerning which he began to make complaints just one moon after I took him in charge.

"What is the matter with them?" I inquired.

"There isn't a single one that fits me."

Totally unconscious of the inherent wickedness of the article concerned, I flattered myself that the difficulty would be easily remedied. So I ripped here and basted there, pulled up this shoulder and pulled down that, till I thought I had got it.

Mistaken mortal! It would not fit!

I made another series of experiments with equally futile results. Then I consulted one or two friends, and felt sure I had at last discovered where the shoe—I mean the *shirt*—pinched. I applied a cure, but the thing wasn't cured. Next I employed a tailor to try his skill. Not one whit better. The man was getting—and I was getting—desperate.

As my *dernier resort*, I summoned a council of sewing-society women, and we went into a committee of the whole. For hours, we expended our united wits on a single shirt, often subjecting the luckless owner to successive trials of the garment.

"Don't that now fit your neck exactly?" asked the head of the conspiracy, as for the forty-fifth time we gathered around our victim.

"Why, yes," with a charming smile of relief, and twisting his head about experimentally.

"Really, I can't suggest any improvement."

"Oh! be joyful!" exclaimed I, clapping my hands.

"Suppose," said one of the wise women, looking at me over her glasses as if some important idea had struck her, "suppose we cut out a new shirt on the improved plan, and if that suits, we'll take a pattern from it."

"Agreed," cried I, quite jubilant, and ran to a chest for the cotton.

So we cut, basted, and tried on—sewed, and tried on—starched, ironed, and tried on.

"Capital!" affirmed our representative of the lordly sex. "Not a thread amiss. It is the first time in my life that a shirt has exactly fitted me."

As a grateful memorial, I made up six new ones after that identical pattern. We entered on our triumphant epoch.

Woe worth the day! Must I own that before forty-eight hours had passed, that "*exactly fitted*" individual called me aside, and pointed with cruel significance to his neck.

"I am *very* sorry," with the blandest air in the world. "I suppose your mistake came from your great desire not to choke me.

"Mistake! choke you!" echoed I convulsively, a little tempted to try the latter.

"Don't be troubled. It requires only a slight alteration—a trifle cut out of the binding, that's all. You see its *rather* large."

"Why couldn't he have found it out before?"—to myself. Then aloud with great dignity: "Tell me *precisely* how much to cut out."

"Well, I should say just about an inch."

"Just about an inch," muttered I sarcastically, adding, "I believe the mischief is all in your neck, which dilates and contracts on purpose to torment me."

He smiled kindly on my wrathful tears, and I—well—when the shirt was "rough-dry," I dutifully cut out the inch, basted the binding, and tried it on again.

"That is just what I wanted. It does very nicely now, you see," working his chin up and down.

"Yes, I see. I did before."

"Practice makes perfect, and this time you hit the nail on the head."

When the change was completed, he once more tried on the shirt, and unequivocally assured me that "it fitted to a T." So I made the same alteration in the other five, and sat down to take a bit of comfort.

Can you imagine what next happened?

In the course of a fortnight, the man gave me an invitation to ride with him, which I was only too happy to accept. How extremely gracious and agreeable he was! I might have suspected something was coming. From one thing to another he led the conversation, till finally he approached the old hateful topic, (he had on one of his new shirts.)

"I don't mind my vexation," remarked I, innocently, "now that you are at last suited." Then, supposing the matter at rest, I turned to a pleasanter subject. But coming back to the shirts again his face assumed such a deprecating look, that I exclaimed in alarm:

"Nothing ails them now, I hope."

"Only a very little thing, and easily altered. In your fear of getting them too large, they are a trifle too small—only a trifle."

My heart swelled, but I uttered not a word.

When we reached home, I made him measure off on his forefinger exactly how much he wished inserted. The shirt he had on happened to be the identical one I had first altered. I was fortunate enough to discover in my workbasket the very piece I had cut out. And I was malicious enough to exult at its proving the exact measure of the addition wanted. So I sewed it in again, repeating to myself all the while, "Oh the *crotchetty-ness* of man!"

Will you believe me when I whisper it confidentially, that after all this, for many years, I alternated between cutting out and putting in the self same piece—the man's neck invariably playing me false.

Of late, however, I have dropped the labor of sewing, having discovered that pinning over one week, and unpinning the next, answers all the purpose. The victim of this perpetual change silently acquiesces in the inevitable arrangement; and what is better, he has learned to do the thing himself.

There is a shirt hanging over a chair in his chamber at this moment. I have had the curiosity to go in and examine it, as I have been writing. I find it is the *pinning-over* week.

"EXTRAORDINARY PREDICTION" OF NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO.—In an old Kinderhook Almanac of 1847 is the following prediction about the United States:

"When the country is ruled by a tailor bold,
A beggar shall stitch with a thimble of gold;
And the water shall furnish, instead of the land,
Three millions of men with their first in command."

☞ At an auction sale at a convent near Paris, eight hundred pounds of hair, shorn from the heads of young girls who have taken the veil since 1810, brought $6,000.

STAGE ANECDOTES.

"Let these that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." True, O Shakspeare! *Gagging* is a pitiful vice; but it has kept the stage, and will keep it, protest as we may. Some of the funniest bits in the *Critic*, as acted, are not to be found in any printed copy of that admirable burlesque; and we are vastly mistaken if that popular nobleman, my Lord Dundreary, is not almost entirely a creature of *gag*.

When O Neill's company played at Dundalk, an influential patroness commanded *Pisarro*, and the manager was compelled to engage a Rolla from Dublin for the occasion. He did not think it necessary to make the "star" aware that the state both of treasury and wardrobe forbade the employment of the usual force of supernumeraries; so, when *the* representative of Ataliba's army appeared on the scene, Rolla was paralyzed with astonishment, and stopped short in his invocation. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: '*What! all slain but thee?* Come, then, my brave associate, &c."—a piece of gag pardonable under the circumstances.

Hardly so excusable was that perpetrated by Emery in the same play at Drury Lane. The rising of the curtain had been delayed beyond the usual time; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble, in no very good temper, informed the house, that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performances—he being the sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have." "Hast thou children?" "I had two this morning. *I have got three now!*" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night at least Emery was the hero of the play. Equally successful in bringing down the house by illegitimate means was an actor who, playing Barbarossa at a seaport, appealed to the sympathies of his nautical listeners by exclaiming:

Did not I,
By that brave knight, Sir Sidney Smith's assistance,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and all his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?

"Let me play Catesby to your Richard," said a country tailor with a soul above buttons, to George Frederick Cooke, "and I will make you a coat for nothing." The bargain was struck. Catesby got on well enough till he came to the tent-scene; but rushing on the stage at Richard's challenge of "Who's there?" he was so startled by the great actor's glance, that he stood transfixed, only able to stammer out: "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock," and there he stuck fast, while the people shouted with delight, and Cooke growled out: "Why the deuce don't you crow then?"

An interpolation of Quinn's brought him into serious trouble. Playing Cato at Drury Lane, Williams, who acted the messenger, in delivering the sentence: "Cæsar sends health to Cato," gave such a peculiarly ludicrous pronunciation to the last word, that Quin indignantly replied: "Would he had sent a better messenger!" This so enraged the Welshman, that he challenged Quin, who tried to laugh him out of his passion. Williams, however, was determined to revenge his outraged dignity, and attacked Quin as he was leaving the theatre. The latter was obliged to draw in self-defence, and the hot-headed Welshman paid for his folly with his life.

Prologues are never heard now a days, but play-goers used to resent their omission, and it took some time to reconcile them to the new fashion. When *Cato* was revived at Covent Garden some years ago, it was resolved to dispense with the prologue. Mr. Wignell, as Portius, was suffered to pronounce his opening lines—

The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day—

and then cries of "Prologue, prologue!" rang through the house. Unaffected by the uproar, the actor, without pausing or changing his voice, went on—

Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no
Prologue spoken to this play these twenty years.
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome!

which so tickled the fancy of the audience, that they allowed the play to go on without further interruption. Still better and worse was the Nottingham manager's speech as Richard III.—

Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain.
That man in the brown wig has got in without paying.
Richard's himself again!

Nor did the marring of Shakspeare's text stand in Stephen Kemble's way, when he wanted to rebuke a noisy occupant of the boxes at the Dublin theatre, who annoyed Stephen by applauding everything, and did it by making Shylock assure Gratiano: "Till thou canst rail the seal from off this bond, thou, *and that noisy fellow in the boxes yonder*, but offend your lungs to speak so loud."

Some of the most comical interpolations have come from the audience itself. When Spranger Barry's Romeo drew all the town to Covent Garden, Garrick, in defence, took to playing the same character at Drury Lane. On the first occasion of his doing so, upon the love-lorn Juliet exclaiming: "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" a good-natured auditor saved Garrick the necessity of replying, by calling out: "Because Barry is gone to the other house." Dear Oliver Goldsmith once made himself conspicuous by expressing his opinion of a play too audibly. He had just quarrelled with the great actor-manager, and went to Drury Lane to "assist" at the production of a new tragedy called *The Countess of Salisbury*. The poet sat very patiently through four weary acts, but when the slaughtering commenced, he could bear it no longer; he rose from his seat, shouted: "Brownrigg! Brownrigg! by God!" and hurried out of the theatre. Bernard, in his Autobiography, relates a good story of Haydon the painter. "One evening I was playing Sharp in the *Lying Valet* at Plymouth, when my friend Benjamin Haydon and his little son (B. R. H.) were in the stage box, and on my repeating the words: 'I have had nothing to eat since last Monday was a fortnight,' young Haydon exclaimed in a tone audible through the house: 'What a whopper! You dined at my father's house this afternoon.'" The same actor is also responsible for the following: "Our principal actress, a Mrs. Kirby, playing Queen Anne, inquired very piteously:

Oh, when shall I have rest?

A ruthless grocer started up in the pit and shouted out: "Not till you have paid me my one pound one and tenpence, ma'am." Quite as matter of fact in his way was the Yankee who, strolling into a theatre on the evening of the arrival of the news of the fall of the Crimean stronghold, could not hear Hamlet's complaint—

I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England—

without easing his mind by shouting across the pit: "Die away, old hoss! Sebastopol's taken!"—a piece of gratuitous information that probably surprised the representative of the Danish prince, as much as an English Othello was astonished by a girl tumbling from gallery to pit as he pronounced the words:

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

Stage-managers are often nearly driven out of their wits by perverse *supers*, who will misunderstand their instructions, like the stage centurions who received Quin as Coriolanus with a succession of grave bows, because he had told them to lower their *fasces* when he appeared; and Mr. General-Utility is apt to bring down curses, not loud but deep, upon his unlucky head by marring the leading actor's most effective scene. At a rehearsal of the banquet-scene in *Macbeth*, the "first murderer," spite of Macready's adjurations, persisted in walking down to the centre of the stage, and thereby entirely hiding Macbeth from the audience. The tragedian impatiently called for a carpenter, a brass-headed nail, and a hammer. The carpenter came. "Do you see that plank there? Drive the nail into that spot." It was done. "Now, you, sir," (this to the "murderer")—"look at that nail. Come down to that spot, not an inch further—and wait there till I come." Mr. Utility did as he was desired, and Macready's mind was easy. Night came, and with it the banquet-scene. The "first murderer" enters, walks down the stage, stops suddenly, then turns round and round, apparently looking for something he had dropped. The audience begin to titter. Macready stalks to the man's side: "In Heaven's name, what are you about?" "Sure," exclaims the "murderer," "ain't I looking for that blessed nail of yours!" The effect of this speech upon the audience may be imagined. The "first murderer" had to give his royal employer a wide berth for the rest of the evening.

The most experienced actor is apt to find his tongue unruly at times, and playing strange tricks with the text. The following curious colloquy took place between Quin as Balance and Peg Woffington as Sylvia in the *Recruiting Officer*: "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother was *married?*" "What, sir?" "Pshaw, I mean, how old were you when your mother was *born?*" "I regret, sir, I cannot answer your questions! but I can tell you how old I was when my mother *died!*" Peg was not so stupid as the actor who persisted in sticking to his text, when Elliston as Richmond blunderingly asked: "Is young George Stanley *slain?*" and replied: "He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town!" An Aberdeen actress having to ask if somebody retained his influence at the India House, from some extraordinary confusion of ideas, actually inquired: "Does he still maintain his infants at the India House?" Sometimes tongue-tripping proves catching, as when Mrs. Davenport exclaimed: "I protest, there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in its hand;" and Mrs. Gibbs directly afterwards declared: "Betty has locked the key, and carried away the door in her pocket."

The art of apologising is well worth the study of any actor who hopes—and what actor does not—to be a manager. To be able to put folks in a good-humor who have reason to be in a bad one, is a valuable accomplishment, and one or two comedians we wot of are adepts in the art, melting the anger of the gods as sunshine melts the snow. But some ludicrous apologies have been made from the stage. Jack Johnstone, being called upon to sing the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, stepped forward to do so; but when he should have commenced, stood silent and confused. At length, when the audience showed signs of impatience, Jack astonished them by addressing them thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I have sung the song so often, that, by my soul, I cannot recollect how it begins!" Quin, who despised and detested theatrical dancers, had thrust upon him the disagreeable task of excusing the non-appearance of a popular danseuse, and executed it by saying: "I am desired by the manager, to inform you that the dance intended for to-night is obliged to be omitted, on account of Madame Rolian having dislocated her ankle. I wish it had been her neck!" This was bold, but not so bold as the speech made by a certain actress, who, in consequence of some scandalous story flying about town, was received with a storm of hisses. As soon as they subsided sufficiently for her voice to be heard, the undaunted dame advanced to the front, courtesied, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you in my public profession of an actress, in which character I shall ever exert my utmost endeavors to please. As to the rest, I beg to be excused." Nothing could have been done more neatly; the malcontents were struck dumb, and the actress soon earned their applause. There was pluckiness, too, in the appeal wrung from the unlucky representative of crook-backed Richard, who, finding it impossible to make head against the disapprobation evoked by his histrionic efforts, dropped blank verse, and in very plain prose told his audience: "Mr. Kean is playing this part in London at a salary of thirty pounds a night; I receive but fifteen shillings a week; and if it isn't good enough for the money, may the Lord above give you more humanity!"

One of his auditors at least must have apprehended the poor actor's courage, whatever he may have thought of his acting, for Elliston, who was present, was a proficient in addressing a theatrical audience; and well he might be, seeing his recklessness was constantly getting him into scrapes, out of which only his matchless insinuating impudence could extricate him. One season, when he had the Birmingham theatre, business got awfully bad; do what he would, nothing but empty benches met the manager's eye night after night, and it became plain that unless something was done, the ghost would soon cease to walk. Elliston was equal to the occasion. Every will in Birmingham grew eloquent recounting the feats of THE BOUNCIAN, who was to astonish the natives by his performances, with a stone of a ton-weight. The night came, and the theatre was crammed. *Pizarro* was turned into a pantomime, for not a word could be heard for cries of "The Bohemian! the Bohemian!" At last, the curtain fell; the band struck up *The Battle of Prague*, and all was expectation. Suddenly the audience were startled by the appearance—not of the Bohemian—but of the manager, who, pale as any ghost, exclaimed: "The Bohemian has deceived me: *that* I could have pardoned; but he has deceived my friends—he has deceived *you*. I repeat, the Bohemian has deceived us: *he is not here*—and the man, of whatever name or nation he may be, who violates his word, commits an offence which—" The sentence was never finished; the conviction flashed upon the audience that they were sold, and a fearful clamor arose. Taking advantage of a momentary cessation, Elliston proceeded: "Anxious for your gratification, I entered into correspondence with the faithless foreigner, who was this day to have appeared. The correspondence, ladies and gentlemen, is in my pocket; I'll read it to you." As Elliston coolly produced a packet of letters, the uproar broke out again with tenfold violence; he waited patiently till they were tired, and then went on: "Here they are. *Does any gentleman present read German?* If so, would he honor me by stepping forward." This was too much; peals of laughter rang through the house. "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you." (Cries of "No, no: go on, Elliston.") "I obey; the correspondence shall *not* be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, *the stone is here*—you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my patrons, and have a right to demand it!" Crash went the band again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense piece of sand-rock, labelled, "This is the stone!" That was something, at any rate; the audience cheered; Elliston bowed, and disappeared.

In after-years, he had often to employ his eloquence upon his rough friends on the other side of the water. Surrey audiences, at least in those days, were somewhat of the noisiest; how he talked to them, may be judged from the following speech, delivered when the crowded state of the gallery rendered the gods more uproarious than usual. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty of addressing you. It is of rare occurrence that I deem it necessary to place myself in juxtaposition with you. When I said juxtaposition, I meant *vis-à-vis*. When I uttered the words *vis à-vis*, I meant contactability. Now, let me tell you that *vis à vis* (it is a French term) and contactability (which is a truly English term) very nearly assimilate to each other. Gentlemen! gentlemen! I am really ashamed of your conduct. It is unlike a Surrey audience. Are you aware that I have in this establishment most efficient peace-officers at my immediate disposal? Peace-officers, gentlemen, mean persons necessary in time of war. One word more. If that gentleman in the carpenter's cap will sit down, the little girl in red ribbons (you, my love, I mean,) will be able to see the entertainment." Elliston's style may seem a cavalier one for a manager to adopt towards his patrons, but we have known modern audiences to be treated in even more supercilious fashion, and bear it with profound equanimity.

VICTOR HUGO AND DUMAS.—A close observer, writing from Paris, draws these physiognomical sketches of the two great authors. In it he describes Hugo thus: A magnificent head—the brow piled up square and compact, where all the intellectual organs seem well and evenly developed. Immense ideality, above which the moral faculties arch the head into a well-rounded dome. The hair gray, and cut close to the head. Eyes not large, but deep and intense with a soft fire. Large ears. Nose in harmony with the rest of the face, which inclines to squareness. Mouth expressive of determination, yet full of feeling. Thick moustache, and very short, gray beard. Of Alexander Dumas, he says he has a face whose features have an unmistakable basis of the negro about them. Bald, bright, jovial, somewhat coarse, and decidedly earthy. Indications of a tough epidermis and strong constitution. Plenty of self-esteem and vanity.

A CHINESE NURSERY.—The following is the manner in which the Chinese learn their babes to sit in a chair. They are not allowed to attempt this feat until they are four months old. On that day the maternal grandmother visits them, carrying with her as presents articles of food and clothing, a kind of chair, and a quantity of molasses candy. At a suitable time during the day the soft molasses candy is put in the seat of the chair on rollers. The child is then put in the chair, so as to sit down on this candy, which melts it to the chair for the time being. This is done in order that it may have to sit in the chair, and not require to be carried very much in the arms of the nurse or mother. We imagine that Yankee babies would prefer to have the candy placed before them, so that they could apply it internally.

A TYPE SETTING MACHINE IN ENGLAND.—Hattersley's type-setting machine has been in operation for the past six months in the office of a newspaper in Hull, England. It is said that by the use of this machine a clever compositor can set up and justify at the rate of between three and four thousand types per hour, and that a much larger number per hour can be set up by those better accustomed to the manipulation of the machine. It should be understood that the English method of measuring type is by the "n" instead of the "m;" the "n" being considered the average size of the letters of the alphabet. This English machine, therefore, sets about one-half the amount per hour which is accomplished by the Alden machine, an American invention.

REDUCTION OF MILITARY FORCE.—On the 1st of January last there were 55,356 white volunteers and 63,373 colored volunteers in the service of the United States—118,660. During the three months which will end on Saturday, over 40,000 of these volunteers have been mustered out, and orders have been issued by which as many more will receive their discharges by the 15th of April. Should the mustering out be continued, there will not be a volunteer regiment on duty by the middle of May, with the exception of a few on the Plains, and they will soon give way to regulars.

☞ A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied, "Please, sir, bed-bugs."

Legal Decisions.

The Wisconsin Legislature has formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill, Mr. Elmore, is a sensible man, as evinced by the following extract:—

"The speaker proceeded to review the present system of collecting debts. It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers gave advice in order to obtain fees and encourage litigation. Judges made blunders and mistakes. He had a little experience in law, and that was rich. (Laughter.) He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he had bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having me pay over again, and commenced suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the Basswood Justices of the Peace, the case went against him. He appealed to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. There I lost again, and said to my lawyer I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, and get another new trial ordered. (Great laughter.) He took the ten dollars and performed his duty.

"A new trial was then granted, and the venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was then the Judge. Any man who wanted to gain the cause in his court had either to go hunting with him and let the Judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. (Laughter.) I fed that dog with crackers. (Renewed laughter.) The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I thought the dog had followed me about long enough—I turned around and gave him a kick. The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided, ere I heard the Judge say, 'Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside and a new trial granted.' (Great laughter.) Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me $200! (Convulsive laughter.)

"You have no doubt seen a suit in a Justice's court in the country. There is time spent by jurors and hangers on, besides other costs, at least $50, besides the ill-feeling and dissensions caused by it. It is all a cheat. The litigants had better sit down and play a game of 'old sledge' to decide the case. It would be more sure to settle the dispute justly."

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

I miss thee, sitting in my quiet nook,
Beside our blazing hearth, for my full heart,
Which thou canst read, like an unclasped book,
Would open out to thee, and would impart
Its tale of mystery. I miss thy smiles
That win and meet my own; thy cheerful voice
That thrills with sudden music, and beguiles;
I miss the thoughts that make my own rejoice—
I miss thy merry jests, and thy dear eyes
Bending on mine the purest light of love—
All, all I miss that I so fondly prize.
How dear thou art each absence short doth prove;
Then hasten home; the world grows all too wide,
And life too blank, till thou art by my side.

☞ PORK.—An English paper says the trichinæ cannot live at the temperature of boiling water, so that thorough cooking, by boiling, of infected pork, is all that is required to render it harmless. This reminds the Hartford Press of the old lady's advice, "Always eat your chestnuts biled, my son. *Biled* worms don't never hurt nobody."

☞ Jeremy Bentham said:—"If it be right that the conduct of the nineteenth century should be determined, not by its own judgment, but by that of the eighteenth, it will be equally right that the conduct of the twentieth century should be determined, not by its own judgment, but by that of the nineteenth. And if the same principle were still pursued, what at length would be the consequence?—that in process of time the practice of legislation would be at an end. The conduct and fate of all men would be determined by those who neither knew nor cared anything about the matter; *and the aggregate body of the living would remain forever in subjection to an insurable tyranny, exercised, as it were, by the aggregate body of the dead.*"

☞ The death of a Mormon Bishop is thus announced: He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death.

☞ Punch describes the House of Commons as "The Modern Babble-on."

☞ The Rockland Democrat, speaking of the foot of snow that fell there recently, thinks that the man who said March was "going out like a lamb," had in his mind this fleece of snow.

☞ Benjamin Franklin left a fund to the city of Boston, in trust, for the benefit of poor apprentices. Hon. William Minot, who has been treasurer of this fund for fifty-five years, has just resigned. In his hands it has increased from about $9,000 to a sum exceeding $111,000.

☞ They are beginning to build school houses in Arkansas. This is practical loyalty.

☞ I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre.

☞ True greatness consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in making mankind happier and better for your life.

☞ The sun is no worse for shining on muck, and the muck no better for being shone on.

☞ Often a horse on a journey has been so affrighted at a heap of hay on the wayside, as with difficulty to proceed; but on being brought up to it, finds it instead of an object of terror, delicious and nourishing food. It is precisely so with fearful believers in respect to death.

☞ We respectfully call the attention of those who imbibe rather freely to the following lines:—

He sits alone, on a cold grey stone,
While the sun in the west is sinking;
Why looks he sad? 'Cause his head aches bad,
From a little too much *smiling*.

☞ A doctor friend of mine met one of his old acquaintances a short time since in a crowd, and saluted him as is often done by others,—"Why! are you alive yet?" "Oh, yes, doctor," was the reply; "I never took that last medicine you left for me."

SONG.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet—oh! no, no, no!

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

Another Reform.

Ocean penny postage is the latest subject of newspaper agitation in England. The same arguments are advanced against the present exorbitant rates as were used with such success by Rowland Hill and his associates in bringing about the reformation in the inland postal system of Great Britain. The carriage of letters between New York and Liverpool costs at present $17,920 per ton of forty cubic feet, while the freight on the same bulk of the finest goods is only about $15. There is no valid reason for the existence of this immense disproportion, which can be materially reduced without detriment to the treasury of either government, if the unjustifiable practice of paying immense subsidies to steamship lines is abandoned. At all events, it is probable that cheap ocean postage would ultimately largely augment the revenues derived therefrom, by increasing the volume of correspondence, as has been the result of diminishing the inland rates in England and the United States.

Costume of Moonlight.

The Marchioness de Chasseloup-Laubas gave a grand masquerade ball, in Paris, and arrayed herself in the most poetical of costumes—*an impersonation of moonlight*. The dress was of white *tulle*, the skirt was trimmed with fine *bouillons* separated with soft bands of dull-looking silver; a white *tulle* tunic, covered with flakes of silver, was worn over the dress; a mantle of white *tulle*, likewise studded with silver and bordered with silver lace, was fastened on the shoulders. The head-dress was composed of a white and silver scarf twisted round the head, with a splendid diamond star in the centre, and two flowing *tulle* ends falling down the back. The mantle was fastened in front with a most magnificent diamond star.

A QUIET HOAX.—A St. Petersburg letter, dated Feb. 19th, says: "The carnival here was brought to a close yesterday. Some ingenious native Barnum performed a rather clever hoax. The notice outside his show in the fair held on Admiralty Square announced an 'Exhibition of the Winter Palace in its natural size.' The spectators, on paying their three sous, were gravely taken to a peep-hole at the farther end of the wooden booth, and gratified with a sight of the building itself in the distance. Many seemed inclined to get angry, but the coolness, humorous language, and good temper of the showman soon restored their equanimity, and on issuing into the open air, they all recommended those outside not to miss the sight for the world."

AN UNHEALTHY HOUSE.—A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it. Three, out of many negligencies and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens. First, that the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. Second, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and clean rooms, while uninhabited. Third, that one window is considered enough to air a room.—*Florence Nightingale.*

☞ A newspaper correspondent says that in Georgia, where Sherman's army made a sweep of all the carriages, the ladies now go visiting in carts. They call them *cartes de visite*, and console themselves with the thought that they are in the height of the fashion.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues very firm. Sales 6000 bbls, chiefly Northwestern extra family, at $9@9,50 ℔ bbl, including 100 bbls Ohio do do at $10, and some fancy lots from $11 to 14. 100 bbls Rye Flour sold at $4,75. Small sales superfine Flour are making at $6,75@7, and extra at from $7.25@8,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat continues scarce, with sales 39,000 bus. including common red at $2@2,10; fair to good at $2,20@2,40 and prime and choice do at $2,40@2,80 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye, 1800 bus sold at 90@92c ℔ bus for Penna. Corn; about 40,000 bus sold at from 77@80c for prime yellow, and 1300 bus white at 75c ℔ bus. Oats—About 15,000 bus sold in lots at from 54@60c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very quiet. Small sales are making at $27 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@24c for Bacon Hams; 17@18c for pickled Hams; 11½@11¾c for salt Shoulders, and 18½@18¾c ℔ lb for Lard. Butter; solid packed sells at from 20@50c, and roll at from 50@62c ℔ lb, according to quality. Eggs are in fair demand at 24@25c ℔ dozen.

GROCERIES—Sugar is less active 200 hhds of Cuba sold at from 8¾@10c ℔ lb in gold, as to quality, and 45 hhds Porto Rico at 12½c ℔ lb currency. Rio Coffee sells in a small way at 20@20½c ℔ lb in gold.

COTTON—Sales comprise about 1200 bales of middlings at from 37@38c ℔ lb.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 42@43c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market is very dull. Cargo sales are making at $5,50@5,75 ℔ ton, delivered on board.

FEATHERS—Small sales of common and prime are making at from 65@66c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are in good demand at $4@7 ℔ bbl, as to quality. Old dried Apples sell at 7 12c; new do at from 13 to 16c; Dried Peaches at 14@16c for quarters, and 17@19c ℔ lb for halves.

HAY—Baled is selling at $15@16 ℔ ton.

HOPS—New Eastern and Western sell at from 70@80c ℔ lb. Old are dull and quoted at 20@24 ℔ lb.

SEEDS—Prime Cloverseed is in demand; 2000 bus sold, in lots, at from $6@6,75 ℔ bus for common to prime. Timothy is in demand at $4,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed sells at $2,50@2,60 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,50 ℔ gallon. Whiskey—About 350 bbls Pennsylvania sold in lots at $2,25@2,26, and 200 bbls Ohio at $2,28 ℔ gal.

TALLOW—There is a moderate business doing; sales of city rendered at 11½@11¾c, and country at 11c ℔ lb.

WOOL—The market has been more active; sales reach about 200,000 lbs, in lots, at prices ranging from 58@60 ℔ lb for full blood, 50@53c for three-quarter blood, 53@55c for half blood, 46@49c for quarter, 40@45c for common, and 47@50c for tub, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 16@16½c ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $55 to 80 ℔ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 7@8½c ℔ lb. 1100 Hogs sold at from $13,00@14,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating bertha, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with basque, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Festus—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost;" the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters so winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ One of the most remarkable cases of elopement on record has just transpired in the village of Groesbeckville. A man named George Rosenbeck, aged eighty-five, ran off with a German woman aged seventy-five. Both are married and have large families. What could possibly incite this pair to such a step is indeed a mystery. But such is life.

☞ A man in Scotland has been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for trying to gain admission into a Masonic Lodge when he was not a member of the order.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

Cotton Tips protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

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WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, feb10-3m Boston, Mass.

Holloway's Pills.—Impurity and impoverishment of the blood. No medicine ever yet discovered acts so directly and beneficially on that vital fluid as Holloway's famous pills. They purify the blood and supply a gentle and wholesome stimulus to the circulation, and give tone to the whole system. Sold everywhere.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—The world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat. ap21-2t

Every mother and housekeeper must often act as a family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases, I have used DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhœa, it has been used and effected cures. For cuts and bruises it is invaluable.—*N. Y. Examiner.* ap21-2t

No Disappointment; Never Fails.

"Iron"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
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"Iron"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Iron"	Cures	"Tetter."
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"Iron"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Iron"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Iron"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Iron"	By sending 60 cents to	"Tetter."
"Iron"	Dr. Swayne & Son.	"Tetter."
"Iron"	No. 239 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Iron"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
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Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eowtf

Wanamaker & Brown's Fine Clothing.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $3; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Charles C. Charles, of Pottsville, to Miss Lizzie J. Shepherd, of this city.

On the 6th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. David T. Mathews to Miss Mary E. Lowry, both of this city.

On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. R. J. Nutter to Miss Lizzie A. Pollock, both of this city.

On the 28th of March, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of the Mayor, Israel Reinhardt to Ellen Lukens, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. P. Meredith, Frank Saville to Miss Mary Radcliffe, both of Manayunk.

In New York, on the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Dickerson, Mr. Leonard D. White to Miss Mary G., daughter of Saml. B. Van Dusen, Esq., both of New York.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, Mary Alice, daughter of Wm. D. Lewis, Esq.

On the 8th instant, Mary Jane, wife of Chas. G. Rowan, in her 26th year.

On the 9th instant, Laetia, wife of Thomas S. Lister, Jr., in her 38th year.

On the 8th instant, Mr. David Holmes, in his 68th year.

On the 8th instant, Sarah Fielden, in her 64th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. John Potts, in his 79th year.

On the 7th instant, Hannah Dubois, in her 73d year.

On the 6th instant, John A. Robinson, in his 45th year.

On the 6th instant, Benjamin Hellerman, in his 61st year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO., jan27-eow6m Proprietors, New York.

LOW-PRICED PIANO-FORTE BOOKS,

Containing Instruction, Exercises and Choice Music.

Model School for Piano, $1 50. Wilmer's Perfect Guide for the Piano. Designed to impart a knowledge of Piano Playing without the aid of a teacher, 75. The Child's First Book for the Piano, 75. Piano without a Master, 75. Howe's Piano, 50. Woodbury's Piano, 50,—each containing, in addition to instructions a choice collection of music. Mailed, post-paid.

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These Celebrated Pens are of Genuine American Manufacture, and comprise every leading style in the Market, and are equal in finish, elasticity and fineness of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure to gain the confidence of the American public.

Samples and Prices on Application.

Lots Made to Order, of any Pattern or Stamp required.

For sale to the Trade at the Manufacturer's Warehouses, as above; and at retail by all Stationers, Booksellers and News Dealers in the U. S.

ap7-5t R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

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BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my5-1y

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 Cents. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec 17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.

CURL YOUR HAIR.—My Golden Beauty will curl your hair into waving curls, and last six months. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 22, Albany, N. Y. mar10-3m

HERE IT IS!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

$25 Bartlett Sewing Machine. $25

LICENSED under patents of Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, and Singer Co.'s, and the only Cheap Machine in the United States, having the right to use the Wheeler & Wilson or four motion Under-Feed.

We want Agents to sell them. Will pay $50 to $200 per month, or allow large Commissions. Will send Machines, to be paid for when sold. For Circulars, Terms, &c., enclose stamp and address

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Sews with double or single thread.—*Scientific American.* ap7-5t

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REVOLVERS, RIFLES,

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POCKET AND BELT REVOLVERS,

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RIFLE CANES REVOLVING RIFLES,

Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, and Gun Materials sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of Housebreaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office, should have one of

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Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New

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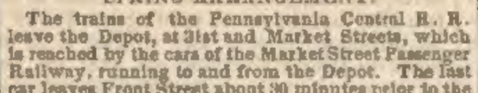


SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

On Sundays—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of the Evening Trains.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 10.00	"
FAST LINE	" 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	" 5.30	"
ERIE MAIL*	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	" 1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
PARKESBURG	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.30	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.40	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 6.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.10	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday.

All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

TICKET OFFICES

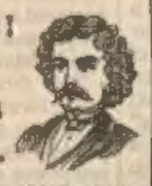
Have been opened at No. 631 Chestnut Street, Continental Hotel, and Girard House, where Tickets may be procured to all important points in Pennsylvania, as well as the West, North-west, and South-west; and full particulars given as to time and connections, by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

The Ticket Office at West Philadelphia will be continued as heretofore, where all information respecting routes, as well as Tickets, can be had on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-3m No. 137 Dock Street.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

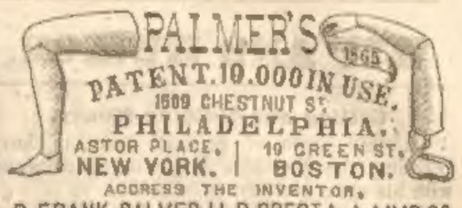


A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, mar24-13t Parkman, Ohio.

CANCER.

A NEW method of treating CANCER, by Drs. BABCOCK & SON, which has already been proved by over TWO THOUSAND CASES! to be the most SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR CANCER that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is simple. This terrible disease is removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, Loss of Blood, Producing of Pain, Caustic Burning, or affecting the sound parts. We will give any number of Testimonials; also will answer all letters of inquiry. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON, 27 Bond Street, New York. mar3-11t

$1 CHANGED INTO $20, $30 OR $100. Full particulars and sample mailed on receipt of a red stamp. Address J. THOMPSON, 81 Nassau Street, New York. mar31-tf



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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

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Prize Money and Pension Office.

Established in 1846.

JOHN H. FRICK,

NOTARY PUBLIC, PENSION AND PRIZE AGENT, Commissioner for all the States. Collects Claim to PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE MONEY, &c., for Soldiers, Seamen, Marines, Widows, Mothers and Heirs. Office, No. 293 DOCK street, above Walnut, room No. 3, Philadelphia. Residence, No. 2 LINDEN St., Germantown. PASSPORTS procured, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, Depositions and Affidavits taken for Pennsylvania. Letters will receive attention. feb24-3m

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c; is strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO., mar24-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—These plasters have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains of the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections,—in all these cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

DR. I. T. HENDERSON'S LETTER.

Farnville, Louisiana, March 8, 1860.

Dr. T. Allcock,—*Sir:* I have been suffering under a severe attack of *neuralgic disease* of my bowels for years, with *hypertrophy of the heart*, and have tried everything known to the practice of medicine from the very best M. D.'s: but truth prompts me to say that your plasters have given me more permanent relief than anything else I have used, and I believe will produce a perfect cure.

The counter-irritant effect of your plasters is produced in such a mild and gradual way, they so invigorate the circulation around the parts to which they are applied, and exert upon all nervous diseases such a great sedative influence, that I place them confidently at the head of every plaster now in use.

Yours, very truly,
I. T. HENDERSON, M. D.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines. ap7-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Getting and Holding Money.

On this topic of general concern, Corry O'Lanus, the Brooklyn Eagle sage, discourses with his usual lucidity, as follows:

Every man his own landlord is a capital doctrine.

I should have adopted it myself long ago, but for want of capital.

This is the difficulty with most tenants.

All the real estate I own is located in a dozen flower pots, which Mrs. O'Lanus devotes to the cultivation of geraniums, verbenas, cactuses and other ornamental vegetables.

There is not enough for a building lot, and it can be only regarded as a movable estate.

The earth is man's inheritance, but I have not come in for any share of it yet.

Some capitalist has got the title deeds to my estate, and wont give them up till I can raise money enough to redeem them.

My father neglected to leave me a fortune, a habit which runs in our family.

From present appearances, think I shall hand it down to my posterity.

As Shakspeare observes, some men are born poor, some acquire poverty, and others have poverty thrust upon them.

The O'Lanuses were always distinguished for their ability to spend all they could get: all my rich uncles died before they made their fortunes.

Getting rich only involves two questions.

First, get money.

Second, hold on to it.

I understand the principle first rate.

As soon as I can accomplish the first condition, I am going to try my hand at the second.

When I got married, Mrs. O'Lanus and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich. Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand, but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanus all the money I got, she was to buy only what we wanted, and put the rest in the Savings Bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out without a balance.

The next year my salary was increased.

So was the family.

Likewise the expenses.

Bank account as year before.

Third year, ditto.

We continued to accumulate at the same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out, and we concluded not to put money in the bank for the present, because things were then so uncertain.

Since then, living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished, and groceries become reasonable.

Just the Man.

An unfortunate actor who had, for the want of friends, been compelled to tramp some hundreds of miles, finally brought up at Louisville, Kentucky, where the eccentric Mr. Drake was manager. The actor appeared before the manager, who surveyed the unfortunate son of Thespis from head to foot. He felt that his broken-down appearance was not in his favor. However, after undergoing the scrutiny, the following dialogue occurred:

Actor—I want an engagement; will you have me?

Manager—No.

Actor—Hump (turning indignantly on his heel.)

Manager—Stop. What can you do?

Actor (still indignant)—I can't do anything.

Manager—You can't?

Actor—No (going).

Manager—Stop; I want you. I have got plenty of young men who can do everything. I want one that can't do anything. I will give you twenty dollars per week.

The actor accepted, remained in the theatre for years, and became one of the most valuable members of the company.

A Family Coat of Arms.

A story is told of a millionaire of New York who was importuned by his ambitious wife to have the family coat of arms emblazoned upon the panels of their new carriage. At length the gentleman consented to gratify her, saying he would sketch the design himself. Taking a pen, the millionaire drew something resembling a small mound; by it was stuck a manure fork, and upon the fork was perched Chanticleer, rampant.

"Why, what is this?" asked madam, in amazement.

"This," said the man of money, "is our family coat of arms. My grandfather made his money carting manure in Brooklyn, and invested it in real estate in New York. Now listen to the explanation of the arms. This mound and fork represent my grandfather's occupation; the cock perched upon the top of the fork represents myself, who have done nothing but flap my wings and crow on that dunghill ever since."

It is almost unnecessary to state that this decidedly original coat of arms was never painted upon the millionaire's carriage, which has a plain panel to this date.

ANOTHER JOKE AT "MAN'S VICTIM."—A Paris letter says: There being a great fancy now for Clubs, the wags are declaring that a number of the lady-leaders of the gay world, having determined to revenge themselves on the gentlemen for their exclusion from the favorite "circles" of the day, have held various meetings with a view to the formation of a Female Club, from which all males should be rigidly excluded; but that, owing to the preliminary adoption of a resolution, declaring that the office of the President should be held by the oldest member, and that of Secretary by the youngest, the project has at last been abandoned, it having been found impossible to find a President, and every one of the members claiming the right to be the Secretary.

A COUNTRY LAD, who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along there's a woman, I s'pose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the spectator dun no. A feller marrys a wife, and finds, when it comes to the p'int, that he has nothin' in his arms but reg'lar anatomy. If men is gay deseevers, wot's to be said of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't roely as much fat on her as would grease a griddle?—all the aparient plumpness consisting of cotton and whalebone."

TWO MAY BE COMPANY, THREE ARE NONE.

EMILY AND FRED HAVE ARRANGED TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER, PART OF THE WAY.

POLITE RAILWAY GUARD cuts in (supposing E. unprotected).—"There's a lady in the next carriage, miss." [Emily doesn't seem to see it.

A Natural Mistake.

LADY.—You own the property, 398 Van Dusen street?

LANDLORD.—Yes'em.

LADY.—It is to rent?

LAND.—Yes'em.

LADY.—How much?

LAND.—$1,500.

LADY.—$1,500! You mistake. I don't wish to *buy* the house—I wish to *rent* it.

JUDICIOUSLY COOL.—The New Bedford Standard tells the following:

"A friend of ours who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the variloloid, left his boarding house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he 'entertained no personal hostility towards the house, but that he *did not wish to associate with the boarders.*'"

PRINTING AMONG THE ROMANS.—Disraeli believes, and brings up a mass of evidence to sustain him, that the art of printing was known to the Romans, but that they rejected it as unsuited to their civilization, and that the Emperors were bitterly opposed to it, as in it they recognized a powerful enemy to their tyranny. They did, however, make use of it on a small scale. The Emperor Justinian had a stamp on which was engraved or carved the letters of his name, and he made constant use of this for signing documents. Theodoric did the same. The memorable letters with which the Roman potters stamped their wares were similar to those used by the bookbinders of the present day for lettering, &c. The Romans were also perfectly familiar with printing ink, and their refusal to make use of the printing press must be attributed either to the opposition of the Emperors, or the popular belief that it was not suited to such high civilization.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE CATTLE PLAGUES.

There comes a call from the prairie world out west, asking for information touching the "Cattle Disease"—its symptoms, prevention and cure. If the question implies the *Rinderpest* plague lately so fatal in England, we have to reply we know nothing about it, only that we have seen cattle sick, dying and dead of it—a good many of them, in spite of the German bovine doctors. The very latest opinion of the best English veterinary surgeons is that they are still groping in the dark—ignorant of cause, cure, or prevention. The only security seems to be in entire isolation, keeping at a far distance all diseased herds, and all pertaining to them.

If the inquiry implies the popular cattle disease of the United States, called Pleuris Pneumonia, we have to reply first, that we are not a veterinary surgeon or cow doctor, though we doctored a lot of cattle down sick with the pneumonia, and as none of them died, the proprietors insisted that *Cosmo* cured the cattle disease.

This form of disease is, probably, among cattle identical with that form of Pneumonia in humanity, to which the medical faculty have appended the surname—*Nothe*. Certainly the symptoms are as like as the difference between human and animal nature will admit of. The premonitory symptoms in cattle are restlessness, a disposition to lie down and get up frequently, moving with apparent reluctance, moping, holding the head down, turning it often to the side; at first a thin viscid running at the nose, then after twenty-four to forty-eight hours, dry, feverish nostrils, unusual thirst, sometimes an asthmatic cough, and a sudden shrinking if the knuckles are pressed against the chest close to the shoulder blade. Later, staggering, laborious breathing, rolling of the eyes, weeping, convulsions, and death.

CAUSES.—Exposure to cold draughts of wind, standing in water or wet places, foul, damp stables, unwholesome and insufficient food, and sometimes imprudent overfeeding. (Our opinion, without reference to the "books.")

Almost every veterinary surgeon and cow doctor has his individual specific guaranteed to cure. The most we know of our remedy is that it did not kill, and probably never will. We gave the sick animals first, a foot bath fetlock deep, in water so near hot that they were decidedly inclined to dance. That was all the better for them. Helped them into a perspiration. Our bathing apparatus was improvised out of two feed troughs—one for the fore, and one for the hind feet. Bath-room a close, dry stable. It would be better for every farmer expecting to have a dozen bovine patients to make a strong, shallow movable vat, say six and a half feet long, five feet wide, and a foot deep. That would accommodate three patients at a time; besides serving several other useful purposes.

While standing in the bath, each animal was given a dose of about a quart of flaxseed tea, having in it twelve grains of tartar emetic, after which a small bucket half-filled with a strong decoction of sage in equal parts of sharp vinegar and water, steaming hot, was held to the animal's nose in such a manner that the vapor was mostly inhaled in breathing. Generally one foot bath was found sufficient; the tea and tartar emetic being repeated after three or four hours, as was also the sage and vinegar inhalation. As none of the animals died under treatment, or within a reasonable time after it, the natural inference was that either the remedy, or a better constitution than their sick neighbors were possessed of, saved them.

Probably the best preventive against *pleuira*, as well as a good many other diseases that horned cattle are liable to, is the common poke-weed of all the United States nearly, (*Phytolacca Decandra*) using a decoction of the root occasionally to wet up the food with. For that pestiferous caking of the udder that spoils the milk and dries up the cow, a few washings with the infusion of the root warm and pretty strong, is believed to be an infallible cure; and as the young shoots of the plant make a delicious pottage, quite equal to any asparagus ever grown, why not take the pokeberry plant into favor, plant it in the garden, have something always at hand to prevent cattle disease, cure *garget*, and afford us the earliest and as good a dish of "greens" as we can possibly find?

BEANS.

The majority of farmers everywhere "know beans;" but very many there are who do not know that the bean being a legume is a natural fertilizer of the soil. So we are going to hold them by the button long enough to say that at the present time the average rates at wholesale for beans, taking three of our largest seaport cities, are for the sorts ranging from the pea-bean (common bush—small field,) to the Lima, are from $1,60 to $8,50 per bushel for a prime article. And then further, fellow farmer, permit us to whisper that beans of any sorts, except Lima, are a pretty sure crop, and considering that on land so miserably poor that you would not get back your seed if sown or planted with anything else, you may count on a tolerable fair crop of beans. As an acre of rather thin land—otherwise suitable, that would not give you a very good account in corn, wheat, oats or potatoes, planted in marrow beans, requiring no more care, cultivation and trouble in harvesting than corn does, ought to yield you fifty bushels of beans, which if properly managed, gathered by hand and screened, will bring in the market $2,20 per bushel, and no prospect of their going far below that figure.

So if you have a feeble field, one which you have not had means or leisure to *ballast* with manure, put in beans there. The marrow is best—next the small field, or pea bean. The crop will always sell—no fear of that. The haulm makes capital winter feed for sheep. Save every mite of it. And then your sickly field will be benefited, instead of impoverished by the crop.

Manure for beans, certainly, if you have the time and material. But plant them any way. You can grow pretty good beans on pretty poor land.

FACTS ABOUT FENCE POSTS.

Which is the lasting end of a fence post has been a mooted question these twenty-five years or more, and in this year of grace 1866, the *tops* and *butts* have it just about a tie vote.

Very recently an agricultural editor, in answer to an inquiry, has said very positively—"Set the top end of the timber down. The pores of the wood permit the water to run towards the butt only; so if the post be reversed the water from below cannot rise to rot, that which falls on top cannot run down and rot, and the post in consequence will last four times as long."

Wonder if our agricultural friend ever occupied a day in examining the structure of various kinds of wood under a glass giving the minute capillary ducts and valves, the size of those of an ordinary petroleum pump? Probably not, or before the end of an hour he would have made the discovery that sap runs up as the tree grows—drawn by capillary attraction, the arrangement of the valves being such that it cannot return by internal channels. Hence its return flow is between the bark and wood, and partially in the new wood of last year's formation, popularly known as *sap*, in which the valvular arrangement is not perfected, permitting a downward current.

Usually, after about the third year of formation, the outer, or *sap* wood of most deciduous trees assume heart wood habits, leaving only a few rings of the outer growth that admit of a downward flow.

If any farmer cares to make a satisfactory experiment showing which way water runs readiest through wood, he can do so very cheaply. Let him cut in couples, sections fence-post length the woods usually used for post purposes—place them on end in the shade, one of each pair butt end upwards, and then on the upper end of each lay a sponge saturated with water. If he finds the top ends *suck* the sponge dry soonest, then reverse in setting, but if he finds his sponge drying soonest on the butt ends, then follow nature and common sense, and set the post as it grew. The fact is, nature is not such a universal blunderer as to grow all her trees wrong end up.

The facts of finding fence posts set top end down, after twenty-five years' service, sound, and others set the reverse way rotten, after five years, is no test. There may have been fifty other influences actively at work other than those of position.

We should as soon think of advising the reversing of a roof to carry off rain best, or turning an umbrella topsy turvy for shelter, as of setting timber top end down to ensure lasting quality.

Charring the bottoms of fence post, unless we could char them entirely through, and at the same time preserve their strength unimpaired, is of no earthly utility. On the contrary, a great damage. We have broken up by burning in five minutes the outer defences that would have fought off rot for five years. A faithful coating of coal tar is very good. Next to cutting material for posts in December, when the sap is all down, we should say cut in May and June, when it is all up and out next the bark. Probably the best possible plan to insure lasting quality is to cut in June, peal off the bark, let the trees lie through the summer, and cut and split into posts the following fall and winter.

RECEIPTS.

BEEF SOUP.—Take a head of celery, one quarter of a white cabbage, shaved very fine, three carrots, two turnips, and two onions, cut very fine; put this all into a soup-pot, with two quarts of cold water, and boil it two hours; then add two quarts of the beef-stock; boil this one hour; then take three spoonsful of flour, mixed with half a pint of water and a little salt and pepper; stir this into the soup half an hour before serving it.

CLEAR BEEF SOUP.—Make it as the above; put some pieces of bread, toasted brown, and cut into dice form, into the bottom of the tureen, and strain the soup on it through a sieve.

A VERY NICE CHOWDER.—Take a cod and haddock, skin them, and take out the bones. Put the heads and bones on to boil in about three quarts of cold water and a little salt. Cut the fish in small pieces, about four or six inches square; wash and wipe them dry; flour them a little. Cut about a quarter of pound of salt pork in thin slices; fry them a nice brown; cut up two onions and fry them in the fat of the pork, but be careful not to burn or have them too brown; take out the onions and pork. Have ready six potatoes, cut in thin slices. Put a layer of fish into a pot (having the pork at the bottom,) with a little fried onion, potatoes, pepper, and salt; dredge in a little flour; another layer of fish, then the onions, potatoes, pepper, salt, and flour; and so on until all is in. Then strain the water that the heads and bones have been boiling in, through a cullender, on to the fish; if not enough to cover the fish, add hot water. Split six crackers, dip them in cold water quickly, and put them over the top; set it on the fire; let it boil thirty minutes. Then add a quarter of a pound of butter and two spoonsful of flour braided together, and a glass of white wine, if you like; let it boil a few minutes; just before dishing, add a quart of cream or milk; give it one boil, and it is ready for the table.

JELLY CAKE.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three teaspoonsful of water. Bake in two pie-pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

AZUMRA BROWN BREAD.—Three teaspoonsful of Azumra to one pint of flour, and one pint of corn meal all well sifted together; add two eggs and about a gill of molasses; make the paste thin with milk, and bake slowly.

AZUMRA DUMPLINGS.—Sift together one quart of flour and two teaspoonsful of Azumra, rub in a piece of butter half as large as an egg; mix with cold milk or water, and boil ten minutes.

ORANGE JELLY.—Boil 2 oz. of isinglass in a pint and a half of water, add half a pound of fine loaf-sugar, the juice of three sweet, three bitter oranges, and three lemons; strain through a jelly bag, and mould it. Some people prefer a wineglassful of rum added, but that may be omitted.

ORANGE SYRUP FOR JELLY.—Squeeze twenty-four oranges and strain them from the pulp, add a little of the peel finely cut, 1½ pounds crushed white sugar to each pint of juice; let it come to a high boil, then skim it, strain it, and bottle for use; it must be well corked. To a pint of the syrup put an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a wineglass of water.

HAIR WASH.—I have found a mixture of honey water and glycerine a very simple and pleasant wash for the hair. The proportions I have used have been equal parts of honey water and glycerine, to about four or five of plain water. It can be made stronger or weaker as may be wished; it is cleansing and smoothing to the hair.—M.

TOOTH POWDER.—The following is an excellent tooth powder:—Precipitated chalk, 4 oz; charcoal powder, ½ oz; orris powder, 2 oz; otto of roses, 10 dr.; oil of sandel wood, 3 dr. In place of sandel wood oil, 1 oz. of sandel wood powder may be used.—J. B.

A RECIPE for furniture cream. Three oz. of white wax; ½ oz. of Castile soap; 1 gill of turpentine. Shave the wax and soap very fine, and put the wax to the turpentine. Let it stand a day and night; then boil the soap in 1 gill of water, and add to the wax and turpentine.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 1, 8, 3, 21, is a county in Kentucky.
My 2, 5, 14, 2, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 10, 13, is a river in North Carolina.
My 16, 12, 21, 11, 7, is a cape on the Atlantic [illegible]t.
My 15, 20, 23, 11, 15, 20, is a lake in New York.
My 22, 13, 4, 21, 28, 7, is a county in Indiana.
My 3, 25, 14, 3, is a river in the United States.
My 19, 9, 13, 3, 21, is a lake in the United States.
My 24, 18, 19, 6, 21, 3, is a town in Alabama.
My 26, 24, 3, 17, 3, 21, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a maxim which all will do well to follow. CHARLIE.

Davenport, Iowa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the sombre clouds are swelling,
Thickly in the summer sky—
When the wintry blasts around us,
Shrill and cold are wand'ring by;
Then my first across the landscape,
Thro' the forests, on the rills,
Steps in music softly gushing,
Or in madness sweep the hills.
Form'd of various shades and textures,
Decking many lovely girls,
See my second, oft 'tis resting,
Brightly 'mid their silken curls.
Know my whole a blessed promise,
Given by the Holy One,
To remain a shining token,
'Till all earthly things are done.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A celebrated spring.
A girl's name.
A Latin verb.
A town in Pennsylvania.
A brave general.

My initials and finals form two of the elements. J. GREENWOOD LINDEN.

Geometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a triangular meadow containing 63 acres and 84 perches is 462 perches. In this meadow there is a spring which is 80 perches from the least angle, 91 perches from the next greater angle, and 103 perches from the greatest angle. Required—the sides of the meadow. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The distance around my room, i. e., the perimeter of the rectangle represented by the floor, is 56 feet. The distance from one corner to its opposite, on the floor, is 20 feet. What are the lengths of the sides and ends of my room? S. HORACE G.

Cincinnati, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A vessel in the form of a cylinder whose diameter is 4 inches, and height 6 inches, and filled with water. Now if a person drank out of it until he could see the middle of the bottom, it is required to find how many cubic inches of water he drank? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a spider and a duck? Ans.—One has its feet perpetually on a web and the other a web perpetually on its feet.

☞ Why is mending stockings like blaspheming? Ans.—Because it is darning what is holy.

☞ Why is a convalescing dyspeptic like a reprieved criminal? Ans.—Because he can't di-gest yet.

☞ When was beef-steak the highest? Ans.—When the cow jumped over the moon.

☞ What is that which ties two persons and only touches one? Ans.—A wedding ring.

☞ When is a blacksmith in danger of raising a row in the alphabet? Ans.—When he makes a poke R and shove L.

Answers to Last.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of fate. CHARADE—Mabel, (May—bell.) CHARADE—Pennsylvania, (Pen—sill—veni—a.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Feb. 10th—No. days if travelled in same direction 757,853. M. Stevens.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Feb. 17th—26,16154 rods. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Feb. 17th—Jas. Rice grinds 6.675949 inches; Dan. Tucker grinds 10.310898 inches; Saml. Jenkins grinds 11.943086 inches. Morgan Stevens and Francis M. Priest.

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM of Feb. 24th—Each side is 10,000 inches long—S. H. G.; 20007.7725 inches—J. M. Greenwood; each side 20000.518 inches—M. Stevens; each side is 1667 feet long—Francis M. Priest.

☞ A gigantic aquarium is to be among the wonders of the Universal Exhibition at Paris. The front alone is to measure 100 feet; every sort of fish is to be collected therein for the amusement of the public, and even sharks, cod and porpoises are to exhibit their peculiar habits and customs in grottoes and caves, which are to be excavated in the floor of the building and filled with sea water.